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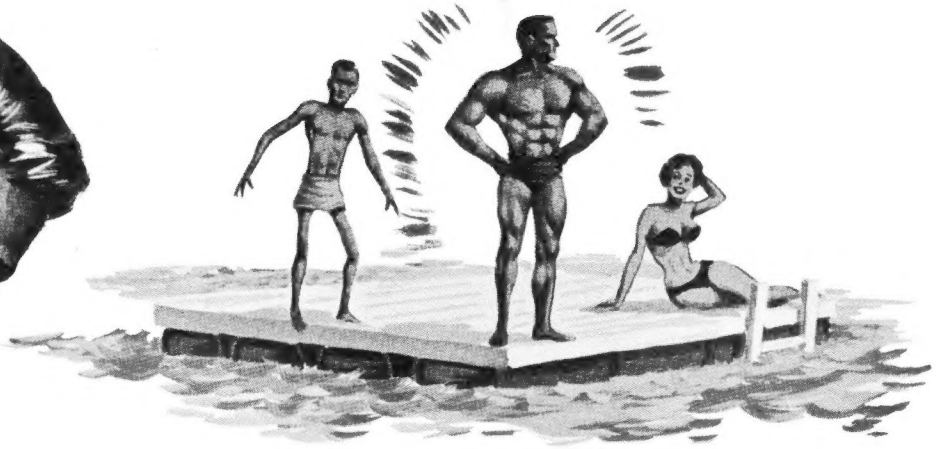

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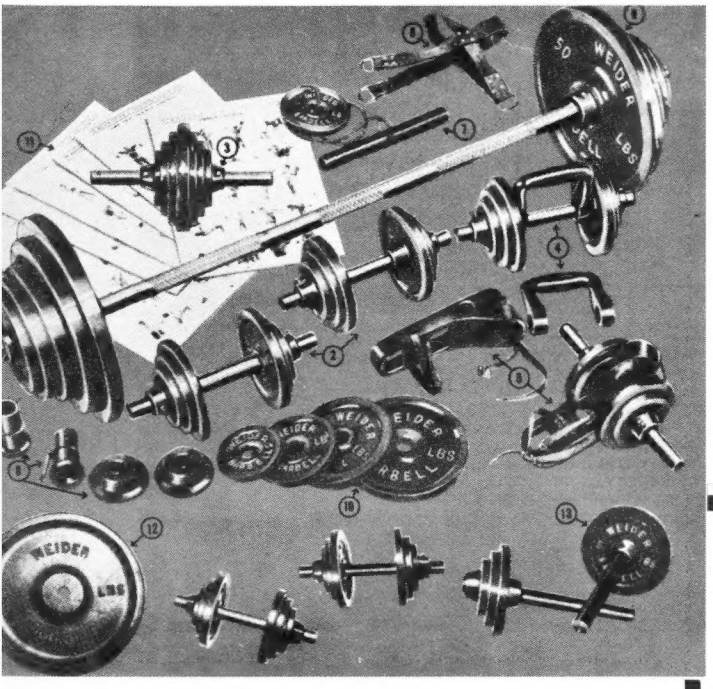

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MONSIEUR

VOLUME 2 NUMBER 2 MAY

between the covers . . .

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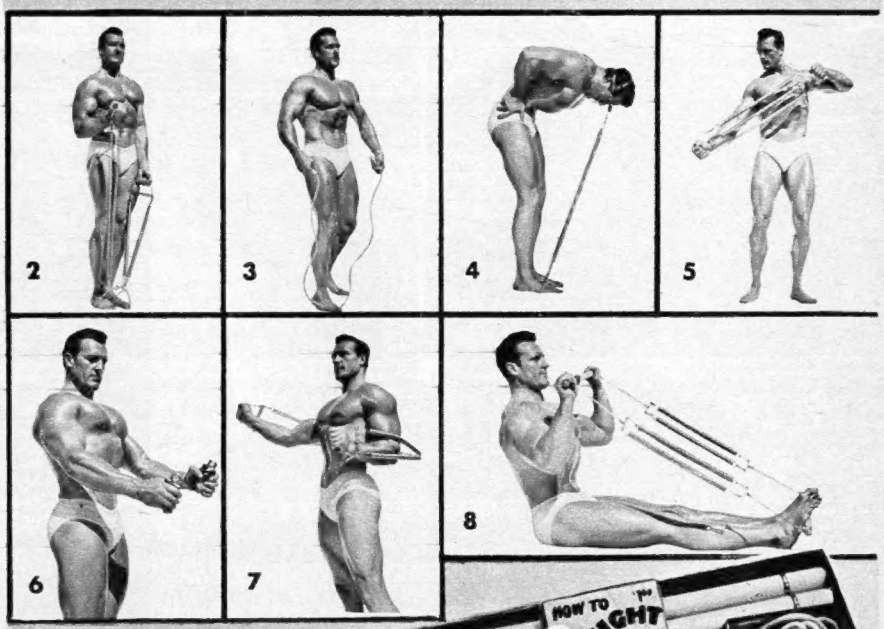

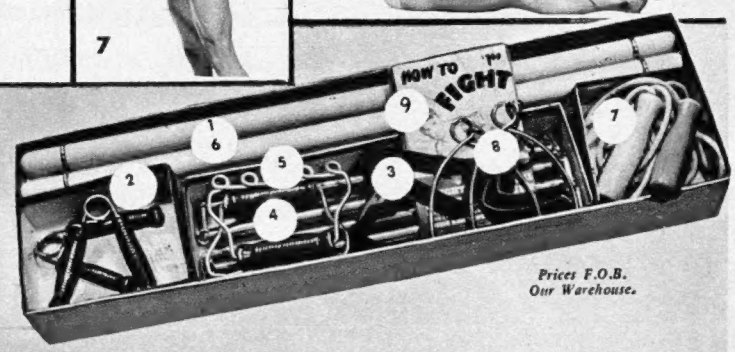

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Monsieur IN PARIS

THERE'S a new twist on an old racket in Paris these days. A pretty girl makes it her business to get acquainted with a young man who isn't too sophisticated. (Preferably one from the provinces.) If he seems at all amorous, she suggests they go for a walk in the Bois de Boulogne and there, under the trees, they kiss and play and – well, you understand. All of a sudden a plainclothesman appears and arrests them both for having engaged in activities contrary to public morality. When the yokel protests, the plainclothesman hints that the matter can be straightened out with a *pourboire* of a few thousand francs. Most of the boys are scared stiff and settle up without a murmur. But recently one Julien Renard decided to call a uniformed cop. It turned out that the pretty girl was an accomplice of the phoney plainclothesman and both got a stiff jail sentence. Frankly, we're glad to see them get it! Anyone who makes a mockery of life's greatest pleasure shouldn't have any.

THIS happened in a theatre off the Champs-Elysees which shall not be named. During a particularly tough rehearsal the director called a five minute break and the weary cast took the weight off their aching feet. In the auditorium one of the show's angels was admiring the pretty new girl whom he had insisted be hired. Turning to the director he said, "Pauline certainly has a great talent, hasn't she?"

"That's right," said the bored director. "And now she's sitting on it."

BY the way, most of the precision dancers in the big shows here hail from Great Britain. Why? We don't know. Maybe French girls are too individualistic to submit to the rigid discipline needed to lift up a leg at precisely the same angle as those of the nineteen other girls in the line. This lovely twenty-year-old from Manchester had just arrived in Paris and couldn't speak a word of French. She was sharing a small apartment with another British girl and volunteered to do the first day's shopping. Somehow she managed to make herself understood at the baker's and at the grocer's. But when she arrived at the butcher store and asked for a leg of lamb she ran into trouble. The butcher shrugged. "Je ne comprends pas, Mademoiselle." The girl tried again and again but couldn't make him understand what she wanted. The other shoppers looked on with considerable interest but none of

Monsieur IN PARIS

them could speak English and it looked as if the girl would have to go home without her meat. Finally Gracie had a brainwave. She pulled up her skirt, shot her right leg into the air and pointed at her dainty thigh.

The butcher beamed, nodded, and produced a magnificent leg of lamb. Later on he confided to me that he'd understood all along.

Ah! Ze Frenchmen! . . .

THE old woman who keeps turning up at General Charles De Gaulle's headquarters here is an old girl friend of the General – and was once a famous Parisienne beauty. She claims that in those days he promised to marry her. Guards around headquarters have strict orders not to let her near the General. Should one of them goof, it means instant dismissal.

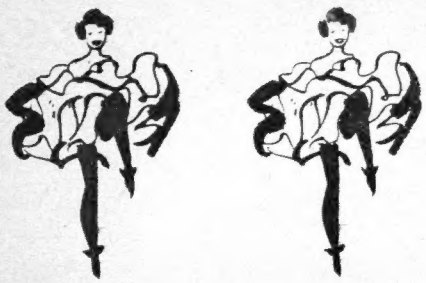
BRIGITTE BARDOT, the minx with the mostest, showed a lot of that mostest in the cafe Francois the other afternoon. Seems that Brigitte entered the bistro wearing a peek-a-boo blouse, under which she wore nothing. At first no one noticed the oversight of underwear but it wasn't long before all the *bon vivants* in the joint noticed what was peek-a-booing out from under that peek-a-boo blouse. When she left the Cafe just about every male still able to walk left with her, and she drew such a crowd while sashaying down the boulevard that the poor girl had to jump into a cab to escape her admirers. There were quite a few cries of *"Suivez ce taxi!"* but as far as we know no one caught up with the gorgeous gamin.

Incidentally, according to one local wit, a gentleman is someone who can describe La Bardot without using his hands.

LOCAL moviegoers have been thrown into a state of consternation. Martine Carol who made her fame and fortune by displaying as much as she could of her magnificent bosom has now decided to leave the field entirely to Brigitte and become a really serious actress. No more low-cut gowns — unless they're absolutely *essential* to the story, she adds.

LIKEWISE Rita Cadillac who is one of the most luscious strippers we've seen in many a moon has decided to take singing lessons. She hopes to do well enough to get a nightclub engagement fully clothed.

"Nudity is like an automobile battery," she explains. "It's fine to get you started, but can't keep you going indefinitely."



AMERICANS who didn't come over this year may not know that one of their best friends in Paris, Harry MacElbone, is dead. He was the owner of Harry's Bar, 5 Rue Daunou, the favorite hangout for expatriates from the U.S.A. Ernest Hemingway and F. Scott Fitzgerald were among the early faithful, and it was here that the late columnist O. O. MacIntire founded the "International Bar Flies Association."

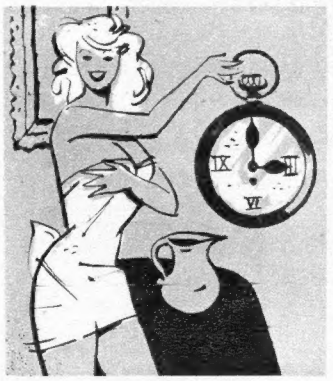
The strange thing about all this is that Harry was not an American but a Scot.

THERE'S a famous beauty who is notorious for her many love affairs. When she gets tired of her latest flame she uses a highly original technique to get rid of him. No scenes. No quarrels. Instead she gives him a present. A beautiful watch. The guy quickly catches on because it means time's up.

Le crime passionnel:

IT seems that an aspiring motion picture actress, Gladys Moret, stabbed one Leon Deroy with a penknife after he spent a week-end with her and then told her that even though he loved women he saw no good reason for ever marrying one of them. Although seriously wounded, Deroy refused to sign a complaint. The case was dismissed, and Gladys put her paperknife back in the bureau drawer.

Ah, l'Amour! Toujours l'Amour!



I RECENTLY attended a lecture on "The Life and Loves of Victor Hugo." The speaker talked and talked and talked until most of us felt like dozing off. My neighbor gave me a nudge and whispered:

"This fellow may know what he's talking about but he'd better learn that a lecture should be like a bathing suit: Long enough to cover the subject but short enough to arouse interest."

Two of the brightest night spots here were recently closed by the gendarmes. They were suspected of being international narcotic drops.

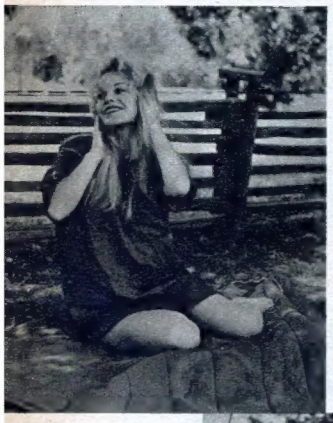
The owner of the restaurant "Le Relais de la Butte" proudly claims it was founded in 1672. I wouldn't know but suspect he's exaggerating just a trifle. It really doesn't matter because the food is out of this world.

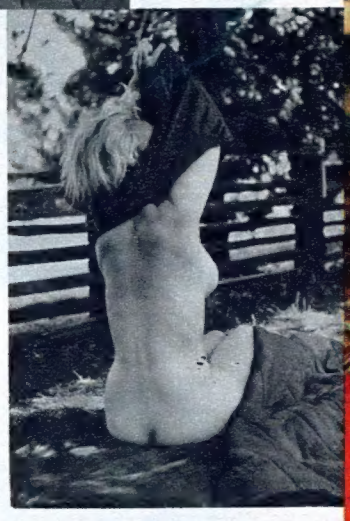
There's a well-known playwright who's also quite a practical joker. Recently he had a second gas tank installed in his Jaguar. (It's completely independent of the real gas tank.) When he goes out driving with a new acquaintance he always pulls up at a different gas station and tells the attendant to fill her up *(Continued on page 57)*

SPRING.....

has

SPRUNG



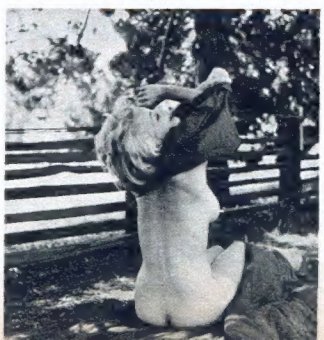


It's fun in spring —
the time of mirth —

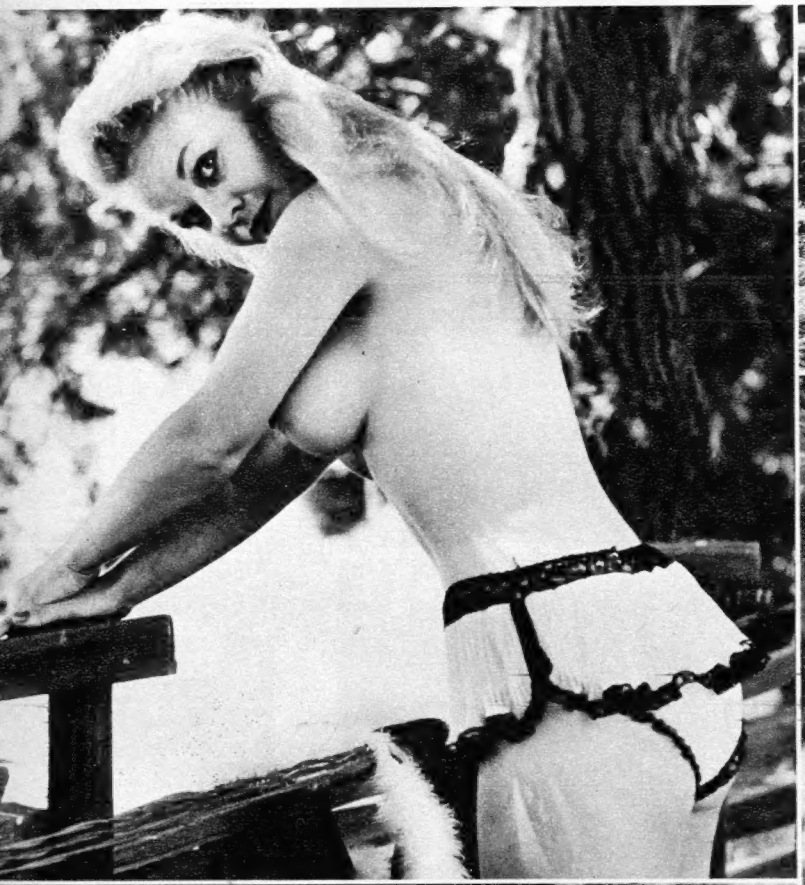
To find a gal who's down-to-earth!
A feast so spread beneath a tree
Incites a guy to gluttony!

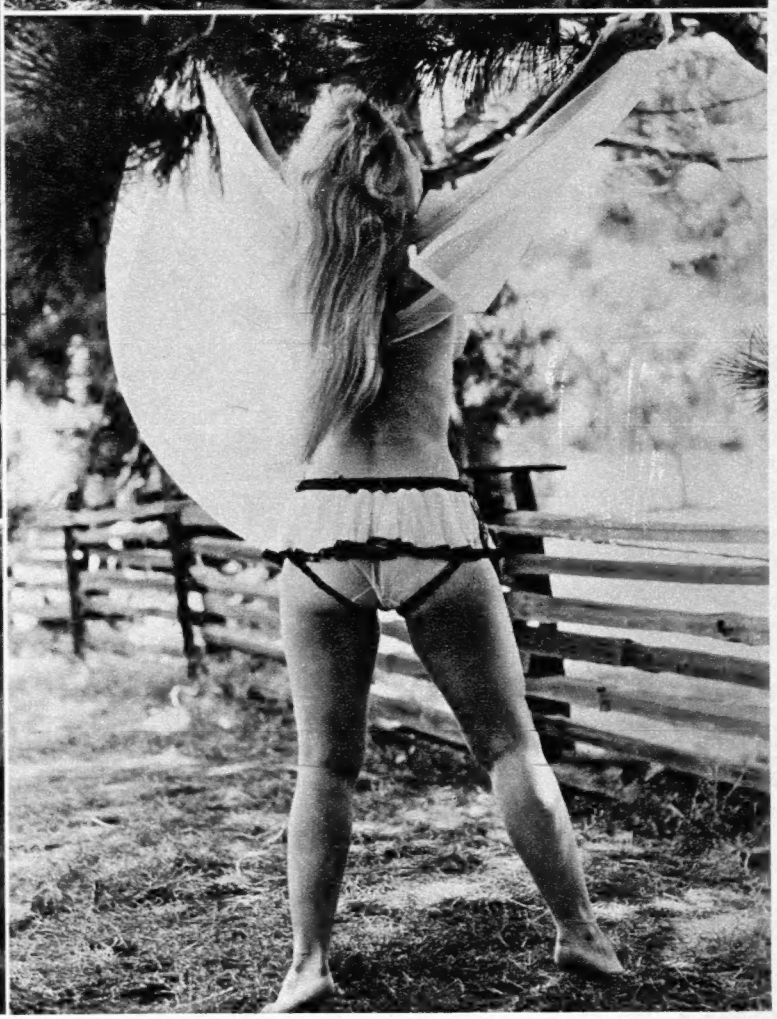
Beware son this is a very dangerous season

She's jubilant, about to burgeon:
Lacks no ardor, needs no urgin'

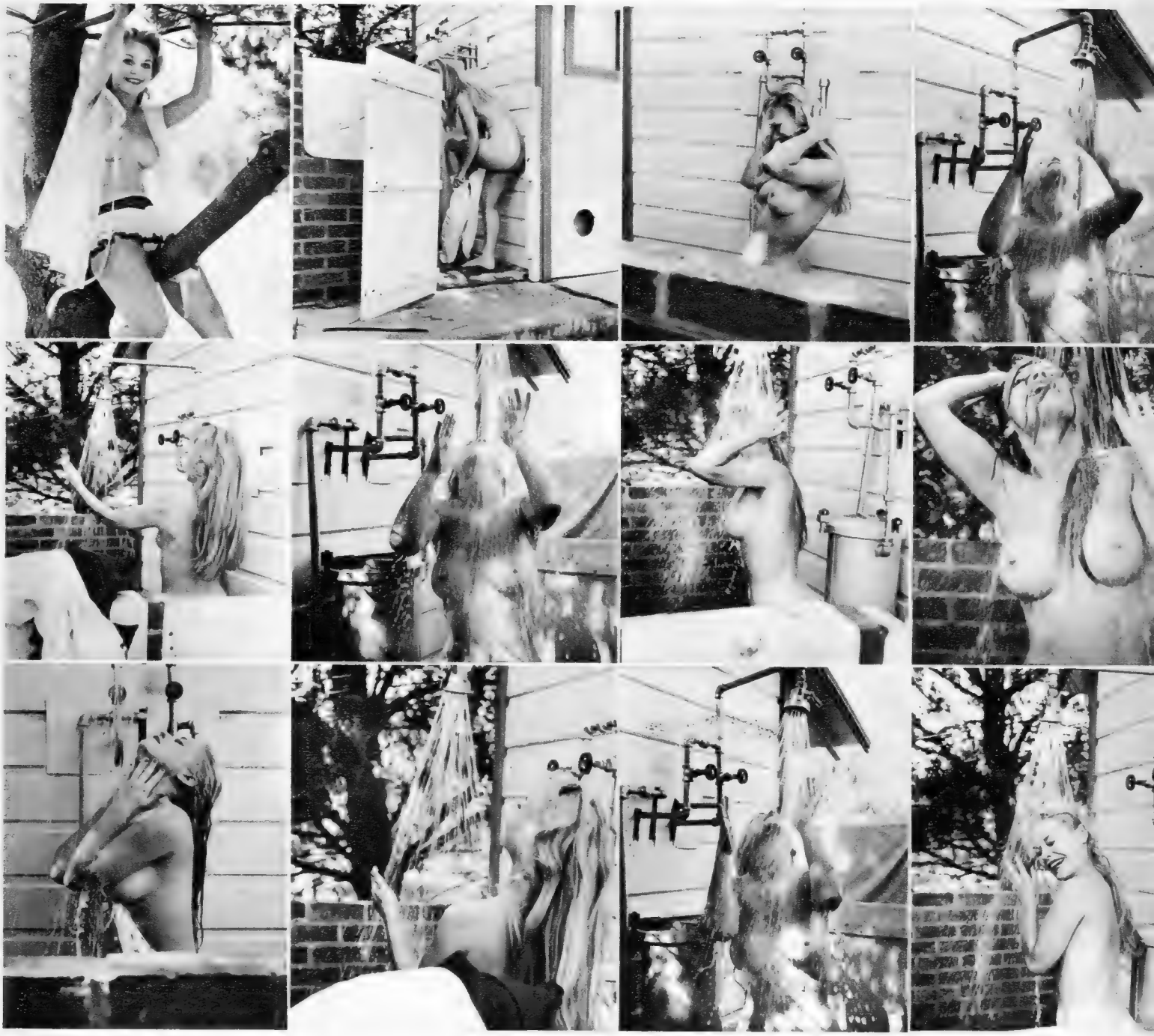


SPRING.....





If celibate, recluse or monk were situated near that trunk
Could he withstand what she inspires: Bold arboreal desires?



Here she blossoms like a flower
'Neath a gentle spring-time shower

SPRING.....

"Oops!" she cries out. Can it be
I've been under scrutiny

(Let's not retreat, or make a fuss:
Let's hope that she'll un-cover us!*)*

Our European correspondent — like most Frenchmen — has made a fine art of LOVE.

Substitute VIRGIN

BY LOUIS-CHARLES ROYER
MONSIEUR'S ROVING EUROPEAN EDITOR

ENGLISH girls seem to have one basic rule: they'll go all the way – short of the limit.

We don't have to explain our terms. These girls are as hot-blooded as the French, and even more so than the Italian and Spanish girls. But hungry as they may be for physical contact, they are willing to go only so far.

This may be very far indeed, but you never run the risk of impregnating the prudent young lady.

You'll find both blondes and brunettes south of Scotland, naturally, but the most attractive ones seem to be those with auburn hair. For a Frenchman's taste the legs and thighs are often a bit too slender. As for breasts, "They don't have them in Britain," says an old French song. Don't believe it. They *have* them. Smaller than those of French or German girls, they are firm and particularly sensitive.

I must repeat that this does not mean that you will become her lover, in the French meaning of the word. When a Frenchman visits England he generally believes that the young ladies are more easily accessible than in France. The first time he goes out with a girl there is a likelihood that she will let him kiss her. The

But even his foremost talents are strained to the breaking point when confronted by TWO eager subjects.

Frenchman believes this means she will go the limit, but he's very much mistaken. Kisses he'll get aplenty – she'll return them willingly, even passionately. But she will forbid him passage to the ultimate fortress.

This determination not to go all the way is probably the reason why there are so many special "friendships" between young English girls. Considering the manner in which they go about casual lovemaking, a girl friend can satisfy them almost as well as a man. And it's a lot less dangerous.

Here, for example, is an experience I had with a couple of English girls.

I was spending my vacation at a resort in the Provence region of the Mediterranean which I happen to like better than the Riviera. The place is perhaps not quite as picturesque; it does not offer the same striking contrast between the red rocks and the blue sea, but the air has the odor of the pines which grow on the nearby hills, rounded like young breasts, and covered with dense foliage.

The village where I was staying has but a few inhabitants in the winter. The men fish or cultivate their vineyards, for this village nestles on the flank of a hill whose grapes give a golden, fruity wine I'm very partial to.

It has only one hotel, reasonably priced. This, no doubt, is what had attracted two young English secretaries who had decided to take their vacation in France because of a favorable rate of exchange.

Betsy, the youngest, had auburn hair and green eyes. Roberta was a plump, pink-cheeked brunette who was always laughing.

I believe that Roberta was getting a larger salary than her friend at the firm where they were both employed. This was only logical, *(Continued on page 56)*

INTERNATIONAL LOWDOWN

By VOYAGEUR

Maurice Chevalier can be seen any evening in the famed Champs Elysee cafe with his latest love a cute little 17 year old French Mademoiselle. When asked about his penchant for young sweet patooties the gay Parisian quipped, "I may be too old for them but they are nevair too young for me!". . . . In case you're interested three of the dolls who made headlines during the Jelke hearings have pooled their (ahem) assets and set up "house" keeping in a brownstone on the East side of New York City. . . . Mario Lanza's boozing is the buzz of show biz folk in Europe. . . . A noted New York writer has gone and got himself a mistress, but since his wife knows to the penny how much money he makes it became almost impossible for him to support his new found filly. Love finally found a way, though, he writes stories, she puts her name on them and they live on the proceeds. We can only hope that his wife

AGE

Gorgeous Blonde With Million Wants YOU!

"It pays to advertise!" — whether you want an "artist's model," a heating unit, a full-time mistress, or even a wife. Not here, but in France, where they know how to put the class *in classified!*

By STANLEY PALEY

ARE you interested in a twenty-two year old model — car or girl? It doesn't matter which. You can get both if you know how to go about it.

Are you lonely? Feel unwanted? Would you like to solve your emotional, sensual and sexual problems? You can do it for the price of a bottle of scotch.

You merely insert an ad in the newspaper. Any one of a number of papers published in France, that is. I suppose I'd better start off with proof of possible results — because I'm sure this must be hard for the average American to believe. Sometimes even a Frenchman is incredulous until he himself inserts an ad. Or answers one.

(Continued on page 59)

IMPORTANT

LEGIONNAIRE
in South Algeria would like to hear from attractive Godmother willing to comfort him.

The Better Half

(Or, Half a Woman's Better Than None)

By E. JEROME POINC

ON the night Dmitri Peska sawed Valerie Jane in half, he used no mirrors, no tricks of any kind. He really and actually sawed her in half. An audience of three thousand Roumanians saw him do it, and not one of them thought it out of the ordinary; or, at any rate, not out of the *extra*ordinary.

Having posited that simple fact before you, I must pause in this story to tell you that you must now reject all of your previous conceptions of natural science — throw them by the board. For when I say that Dmitri Peska was a magician I mean just that: his magic was magical, his legerdemain supernatural. He did things for which there was no scientific explanation, and none was needed, since his wondrous performance netted Dmitri a top income. He had discovered early in his career the magic of money — and he didn't want to break the spell. "If," said Dmitri in an unguarded moment to an intimate, "some crackpot scientist finds out how my magic works, I may not be able to do it any more!" So the world continued to believe that the magic of Dmitri Peska was nothing more than the kind of illusion practiced by his fellow stage magicians.

Valerie, Peska's American aide, knew better. She had become his first assistant after having been his third mistress. In fact, it was Valerie who had

"A house divided against itself cannot stand", said the Great Emancipator. And neither can a girl, as Dmitri Peska will tell you! Only in Valerie's case, maybe it was just as well . . .

talked Dmitri into using his supernatural powers for something other than the delectation of parlor audiences. The great moment occurred at about four in the morning shortly after they had become room-mates. Dmitri, only too human, was dozing off. "Darn!" said Valerie, "– so soon?"

So Dmitri, not wishing to disappoint this newest light in his life, closed his eyes tightly, clenched his fists and wished real hard – he practically went into a trance, in fact. And lo! — before the delighted eyes of Valerie, a strange thing happened raising, as it were, her hopes to high heaven. So that a few hours later, it was *she* who fell into a sleep of exhaustion.

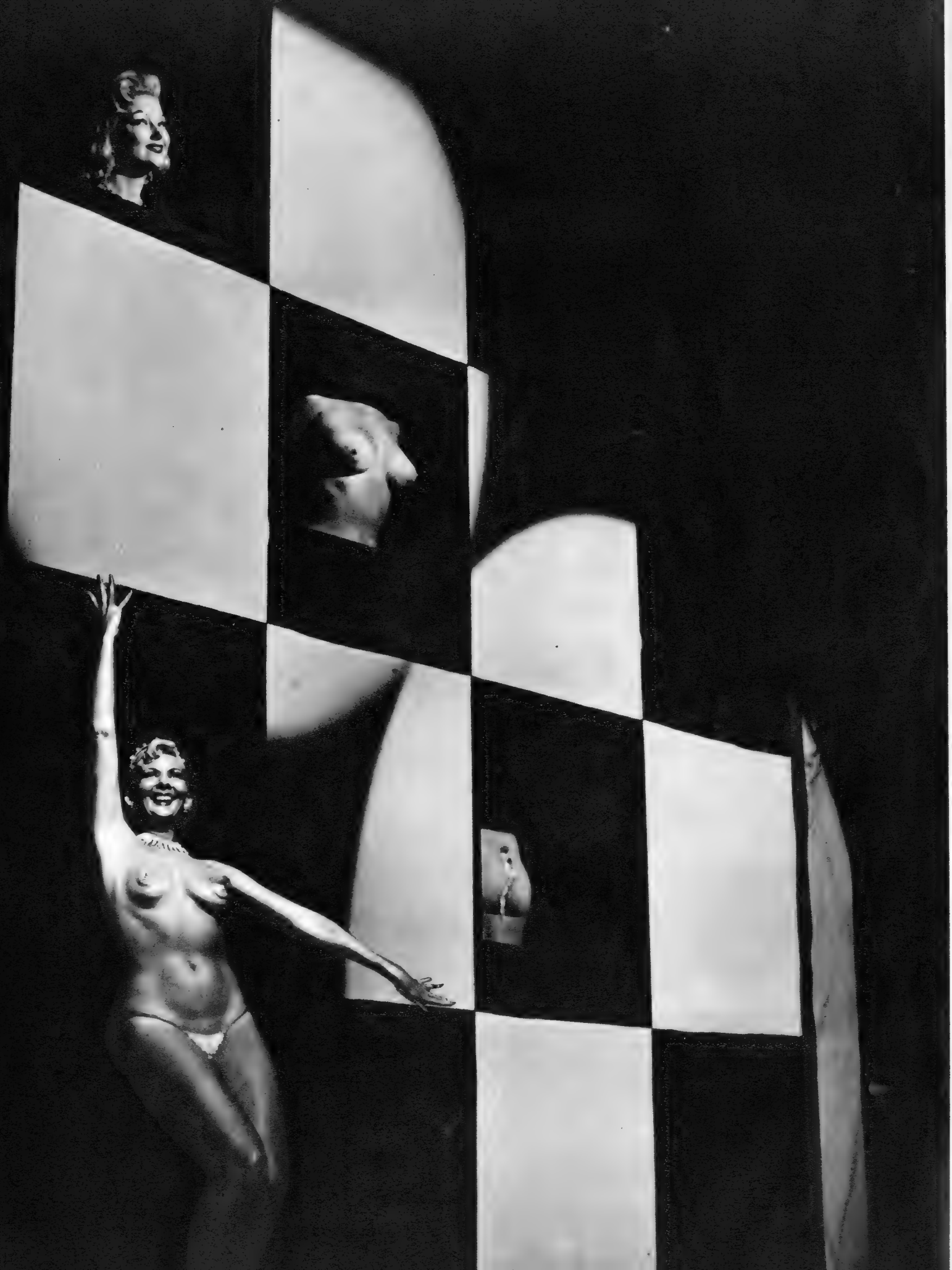
That had happened two years before. Since then Dmitri's success on the stage and before the TV cameras had been meteoric. Using the simple principle of *wishing* for whatever effect he might desire, Dmitri accomplished ruses (or so thought the audience) long thought impossible by top-ranking prestidigitators.

Until that awful night when he sawed Valerie in half.

Always before, after performing this stunt, Dmitri would hold his cape in front of Valerie's two halves, and say something ridiculous like "What Dmitri has put asunder, Dmitri can join – *voila!*" And Valerie would leap from behind the cape, whole and healthy again, without so much as a scar to show.

But now, the *voila!* accomplished nothing. Dmitri wished and wished; he pushed the two halves of Valerie together until she complained in hushed tones. But nothing availed. Valerie was completely divorced from herself, and it appeared that she was destined to stay that way. Regaining his composure, Dmitri draped his cape around his assistant and, with Valerie waving pitifully to the audience, shoved the "operating table" and its contents into the wings. "I accidentally used a rip saw instead of a cross cut," he explained urbanely to the audience, "but what the hell – we're not *all* perfect!" He walked off to resounding applause. What a novel ending to a marvelous act!

(Continued on page 67)



LAS VEGAS

HOT SPOT

Les Girls in Las Vegas are as big an attraction as the one arm bandits and the dice.

Those whom Lady Luck has scorned can forget their woes by taking in a stunning show featuring these Lovely Ladies.

Bodies beautiful and bosoms galore (Mesdemoiselles, je vous adore!)

The scantier the costume, the more it costs, wail the producers.

But there are no complaints from the delighted customers (or costumers)

Racy, spicy,

lively and lush

Eye-filling, ear-filling,

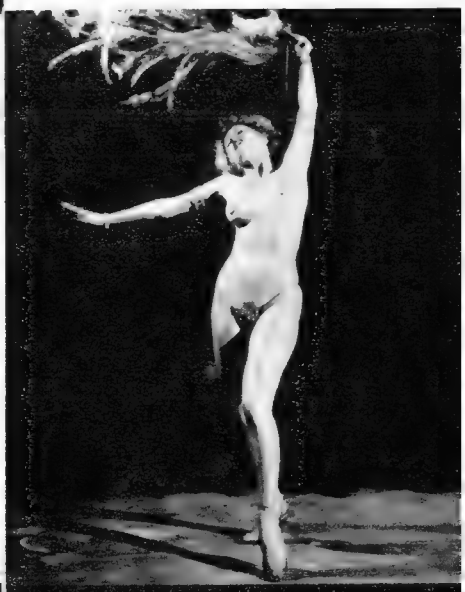
zestful and

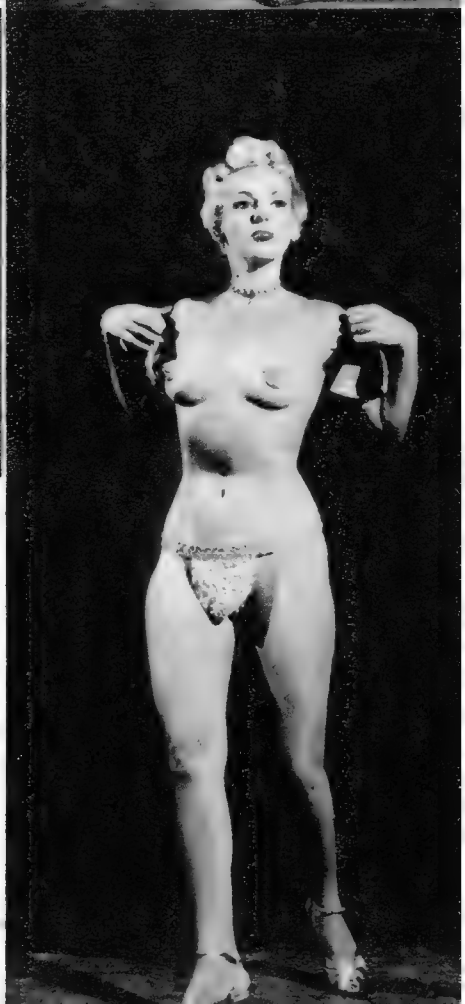
tuneful . . .

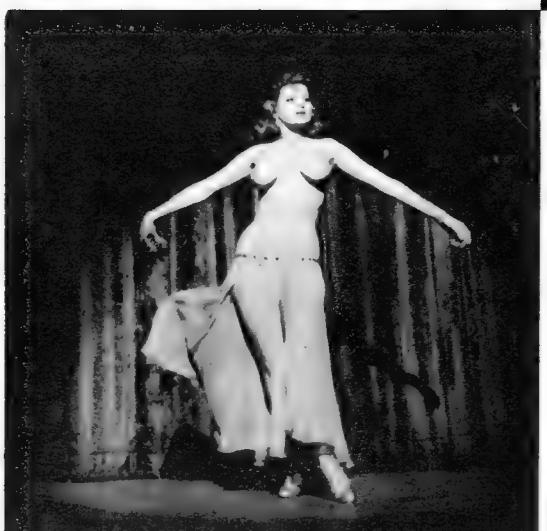
. . . is this

splendiferous extravaganza

master-minded by Minsky







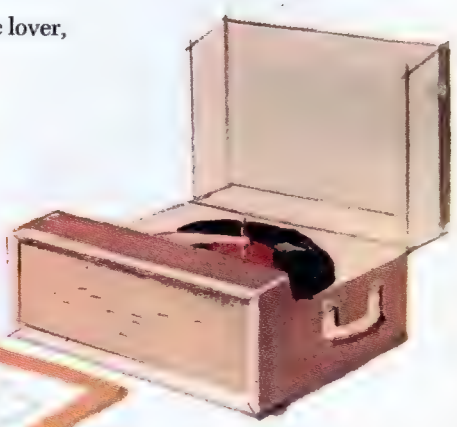
This is the SECOND *BEST WAY to learn how to speak FRENCH.*

FRENCH WITHOUT PAIN

THE first best way is to go to the country where it is spoken and become acquainted with a young person (female) who doesn't speak English. Since you're not going to France I want you to meet my friend Gigi who is obviously a young female person.

Gigi aime faire du ski toute nue.
Translation . . .
Gigi likes skiing in the nude

Elle aime aussi la musique.
Translation . . .
She is also a music lover,



On la trouve généralement au grand air.
Translation . . .
One generally finds her outdoors.

Je trouve cette vue admirable.
Translation . . .
I find this view admirable.

Voici un poisson qui a de la chance.
Translation . . .
Here is a lucky fish.

L'heure du coucher. Gigi n'a vraiment pas besoin d'une couverture électrique pour se tenir au chaud.
Translation . . .
Bedtime. Gigi doesn't really need an electric blanket to keep warm.

FIRE, ICE and everything NICE. That's

the ITALIAN GIRL:

By SIGNOR

THE Italian Girl, to get right to the point, is one of the sexiest creatures in the world — if you can take it.

She is very much apart from other European women. In fact, you cannot rightfully call her a European at all. The boot of Italy extends deep into the Mediterranean, pointing to the South, and that is where you must look to understand her.

The French girl, the German, the Flemish, even the English girl, are somewhat the same mixtures, descended from tribes which fought back and forth across the face of their continent for centuries, sometimes losing, but leaving much the same generic mark wherever they went.

The blood that flows in Italian veins is more exotic — there are strains from the far Eastern tribes which overran Italy before and after the Romans, and there are strains from fierce sea raiders who came down into Mare Nostrum from the Azores. But even more significantly are the strains from the coasts of Africa, not very far away from the toe of Italy. There were hook-nosed inhabitants of the Nile valley, fighters from the Barbary Coasts, and invaders from deep Africa as well, who over-ran Italy from time to time and left their mark in the bloodstream of the country.

The result is one of the most beautiful and richly endowed female types in the world. The Italian girl is dramatically dark, her skin swarthy but still piercingly white. She has the *(Continued on page 62)*

LATE VISITOR

She was a young widow—beautiful and passionate. And she yearned to meet the handsome stranger...

BY **JENNIFER SIMMS**

IT'S not good for a woman to live alone. Especially a young woman. I'm twenty-six and my friends tell me I'm pretty. *Very* pretty. I'.n not being vain but just stating a fact. Ricky thought so too. After a two week courtship we were married and moved into this apartment in the Village. For just about a year we were divinely happy and then he was killed in that plane crash.

I've been living alone for the past ten months. My friends tell me I should stop brooding and start going out again. But I'm not in the mood — yet . . . Ricky is still too close.

I've been smoking too much. That's what must be wrong. I'm nervous and tense. I need a man. Yet —

Oh, Ricky! Ricky!

The apartment is on the ground floor. It's a very quiet street. Tonight I wish it weren't so quiet. I'd like to hear footsteps or the *(Continued on page 54)*

MONSIEUR IS A MAN'S BEST FRIEND

M'sieu, our little canine mascot,, is no dog when it comes to figuring out what's good for his mistress. Things have been OK around the apartment, but a little on the dull side — you know, plenty of bones and hamburger and a cat or two to chase. But no men around the joint. And therefore, no excitement. "This dame's too nifty," says M'sieu, "to go to waste. I *know* — I see her in her bath and I cuddle up with her in bed!!" So M'sieu cooked up a little romance, once he saw the right guy come along. "My mistress is too nice to pick him up," says M. "So I wrapped it up for him — all he had to do then was re-leash her, and the deal was on. For the next bits of action, turn the page please! *Doggone!*"

"NOW THAT I'VE BROUGHT THEM TOGETHER, IT'S UP TO THE GUY TO GET GOING FAST!"

This cookie is OK. You'll note how gentlemanly he reaches for her knee. No grabbing for him – he "reaches." His timing is good, too. There's one thing about my mistress, she doesn't mind anyone looking at the merchandise but she doesn't like to have it handled. Watch him as he makes out.

"That's a cute cap on your knee" says the guy.

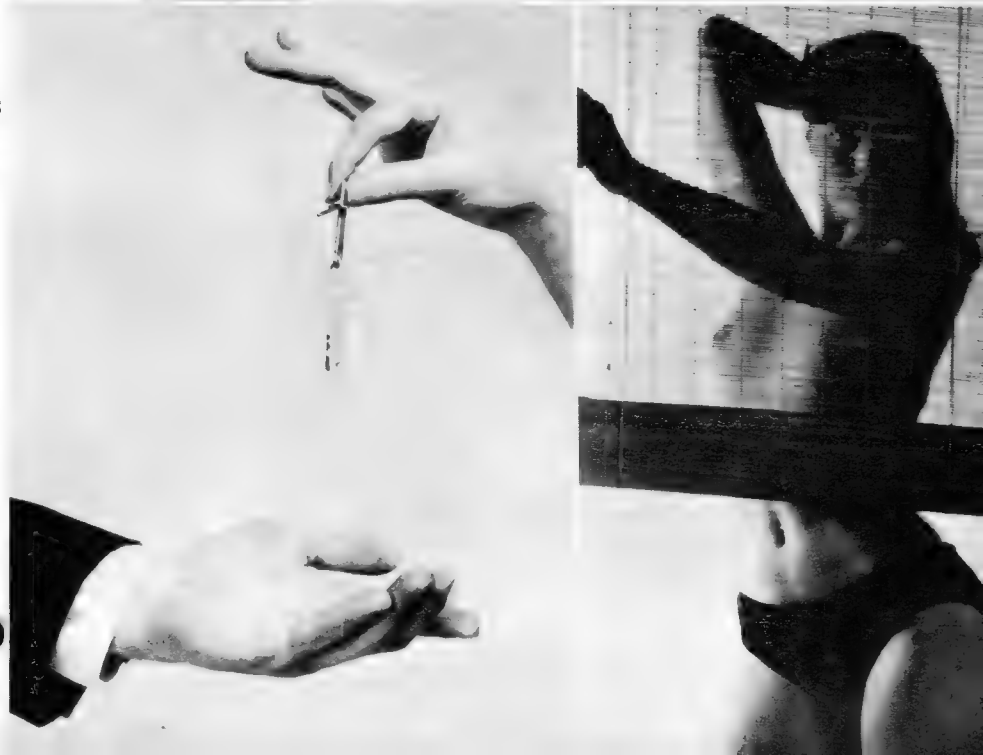
My mistress gives me the wink. Another bone-bonus due!

"It strikes me (if you don't)" says the guy, that I ought to see more of you."

"I'm a bear for sleep," says the guy. It's only six o'clock and I'm thinking of going to bed already!"

"You have the key to my heart," says my mistress, "and the key to my apartment goes with it."

And so my mistress prepares to slip into something filmy, which for your information does not mean sneaking into a movie house.



This beautiful view is usually mine. But this guy seems to be the right sort, and my mistress knows what to do next. Now she's got me on the leash, and him on the string.

Waggishly yours,

Monsieur

INFIDELITY, ANYONE?

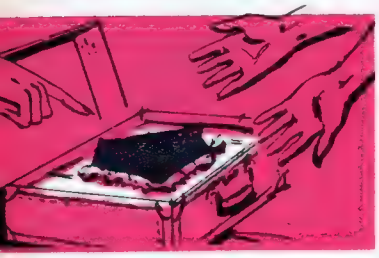
Ever had the urge to be unfaithful? Sorry, we withdraw the question . . . But, for the benefit of that percentage of males who have (98 percent) had the urge, if not the luck, here is all you need know about why you shouldn't.

By GALEN SMITH

EVERY year thousands of husbands are accused by their wives of being unfaithful. Most of them probably are guilty, but some aren't; and those that aren't guilty undoubtedly wish they were.

Take Burt X, for example. Burt is a traveling salesman, and like everyone in his dodge he must bear the cross of every traveling salesman story ever told; he's considered guilty of cheating on the little woman whether he does or not.

On one occasion Burt had just returned to New York from Chicago and his wife was standing at his elbow when he opened his overnight bag to unpack. There on top was a sexy black chemise. Burt's spouse grabbed it, held it up and icily demanded: "What's this?"



Burt, a cool sort of guy, shrugged. "That belongs to a babe I picked up on the Century last night," he said. "She spent the night in my drawing room and got off at Harmon this morning. In her rush I guess she left it behind."

His wife snorted, turned on her heel and left the room.

Burt wiped his forehead after he told about the incident. "She thought it was a practical joke," he said. "But it so happens that it was the truth. I knew the truth was the only thing she wouldn't believe. That was a close one."

Traveling salesmen aren't the only ones who run into trouble playing house with their girl friends behind the little woman's back. There are no statistics to show how many marriages go on the rocks annually because of infidelity, but the Kinsey studies have shown that if all the husbands and wives who cheat were laid end to end there would hardly be anybody left to count the non-participants.

Many marriages are saved because the wife is of an understanding nature and she looks the other way, keeping her mouth shut, until her wandering spouse wears himself out and comes home — provided he does wear himself out; but lots of women head for a lawyer or hire a private eye even before they have any tangible evidence to back up their suspicions.

Private detectives say the primary thing that makes wives suspect infidelity is any change in their husband's normal routine.

If he abruptly stops romancing the little woman she's almost sure to suspect he has a girl friend. This is said to be the special boobytrap of older men who can't burn the candle at both ends to keep two women happy at the same time.

One detective noted that many women come to him because they find lipstick on their husband's shirt — or his shorts. "This seems to make wives very suspicious," he said.

If the husband suddenly starts abusing his wife, it's a good bet that he's found himself a girl friend. Another giveaway is if the husband in his sleep calls his wife Selma when her name is Rose.

The wife also gets suspicious if the husband suddenly starts to shave more often, gets his hair cut more frequently, shines his shoes more than before, or he begins wearing flashy suits and ties.

Or he may start to douse himself with shaving lotion to make himself smell good, or to take more baths. One investigator said: "Some wives tell me their husbands never used to take a bath more often than every two or three weeks, and all at once they started taking two or three a week; and they used to have enough dirt under their nails to plant a tree but suddenly they started keeping them clean."

"Wives are very, very suspicious," said S. Alexander Cohen, head of the Supreme Detective Agency in New York. "And when their suspicions are aroused, who do you think they go to? Not a chiropodist. A detective agency!"

Mr. Cohen lures the suspicious spouse or suitor into his agency with a provocative sign that proclaims: "WE GIVE YOU PEACE OF MIND. WE INVESTIGATE HUSBANDS, WIVES AND LOVERS."

Since he set up shop in 1908, he says, he has handled over 20,000 divorce cases. To give peace of mind to suspicious wives, husbands and lovers, he says he uses over 500 disguises, and he employs hidden cameras, drills holes in ceilings and walls, climbs clothespoles and trees to peer in windows and he peeks through transoms.

Mr. Cohen says 75 percent of his clients are men checking up on their wives. But Belle Levy, a female private eye whose office is nearby, claims that wives and husbands are equally suspicious of one another.

Mr. Cohen's own objective opinion of women, based on his half-century of experience trailing them, is that they are "tricky, conniving, unfaithful, jealous, nagging tramps." He also calls them several other unflattering names, adding that they are liars, interested only in gifts and money.

The intrepid Mr. Cohen says that in virtually every case where there is suspicion of cheating, it turns out that it was well founded on the facts of life. He says he never reads a bad report to a client without having *(Continued on page 60)*

A Boatfull of Passion

When the bodies and souls of three people are stripped bare, they will not like what they see—thus they should not be allowed to get too close to one another...

BY **GEORGES HERET**

LINDA looked at the two men, her face tense with fear. She too was struggling to keep alive. After two days and two nights of isolation on the high seas, in this lifeboat which had sprung a leak, they were nearing the end of their rope.

A day out of Majorca, the yacht had been caught in a sudden storm. In spite of the seamanship and the devotion of Sanders, the captain of the chartered vessel, it had been hopeless and he had gone down with the ship. Somehow Carlos had managed to clamber into the tiny lifeboat and had fished Linda and Mark out of the water. They were his best friends. It was hard to believe that it was only ten days ago that they had embarked so joyously on this Mediterranean cruise. Now both the yacht and the captain were somewhere at the bottom of the ocean.

(Continued on page 69)

Ye Prettie
Ye
HUSBAND
WIFE
LOVER

Wife... Jealous Husband

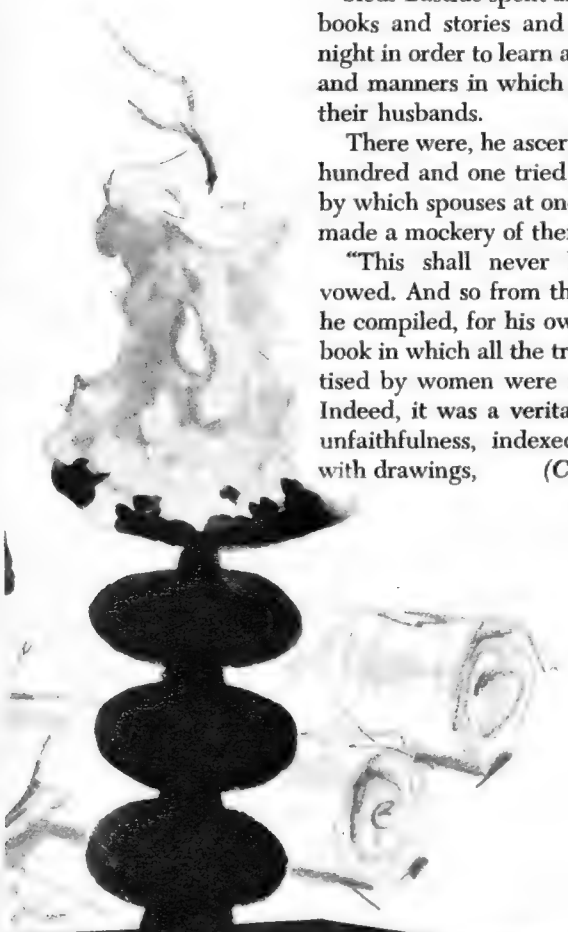
RETOLD BY ROGER CHAMBORD

There was once upon a time in the city of Paris a wealthy burgher, Sieur Bastide, who was extremely jealous of his beautiful young wife, Aimée. She was a ravishing creature with flaxen hair, a fine bosom, a narrow waist, and shapely limbs which none but her husband ever had the privilege to admire.

Sieur Bastide spent all his time poring over books and stories and reading far into the night in order to learn and know all the ways and manners in which pretty wives deceive their husbands.

There were, he ascertained, at least fifteen hundred and one tried and proven methods by which spouses at one time or another had made a mockery of their husbands' honor.

"This shall never happen to me," he vowed. And so from these books and stories he compiled, for his own private use, a textbook in which all the tricks and deceits practised by women were noted and described. Indeed, it was a veritable encyclopaedia of unfaithfulness, indexed and cross-indexed, with drawings, *(Continued on page 65)*



A Medieval Tale about Ye Eternal Triangle

Dear Doctor:
I dreamt that I was in the Easter parade. What can I do about this?

Treatment:
Your trouble is that you're on Fifth Avenue with no pedalling license. Buy one immediately, and put some air in that left rear tire. It's sagging.

Dear Doctor

OR

The Strange Case of the Blonde Who Had To Go

"THIS patient," reports Dr. Franz Klaus, well known psychiatrist, "is troubled by nightmares. They always are concerned with travel. This is a young lady who's gotta go. She complains that she's always tired. No wonder! I have ordered her to bed for a long cure — and am treating her personally. I am looking forward to a sure recovery, and several other things. Meanwhile, I am making public the complete files of this br-- on this case."

Dear Doctor:
I dreamt that I was traveling around the world in eighty ways! Shouldn't I be happy?

Treatment:
All right, if you must. But that basket doesn't seem to fit your, er, plans. And taking everything into consideration, I can't tell from the helmet whether you're a jet pilot or playing scatback for the Chicago Bears. Either way, you look dizzy.

Dear Doctor:
Here I am again, only this time I dreamt I was at a powpow. Is this dangerous?

Treatment:
Yes. Hitting the pipe never helps. Don't be afraid of the Indian, but don't go around feeling brave.

Dear Doctor:
I dreamt that I was a matador in Sunny Spain. Here I am in the moment of truth. And what does Olé mean when they yell it at me?

Treatment:
It means that if you make the right passes you will be awarded a piece of the tail, and possibly the horns. My advice is to get along to Norway, where they are more interested in fish.

Dear Doctor:
Here I am on the lam again. Don't you think my luggage is cute?

Treatment:
Yes, a good bag is hard to find. If I were you I wouldn't let anyone else handle it.

Dear Doctor:
I'm cured, thanks to you. Isn't there some way we can celebrate?

Treatment:
Sorry, we still have work to do. The toe next to your big one is out of line. I'll be right up. Keep the drinks cold, your chin up, and we'll split the difference.

Dear Doctor:
Here's that damn bicycle again. Am I changing the guard at Buckingham Palace, or what?

Treatment:
You're changing something, I don't know what. Possibly my mind. At any rate, not every girl flies the Union Jack at her stern.

Dr. Klaus, we are happy to say, applied the wonders of modern science to the dream problems of the perambulating blonde and effected a cure. The good doctor himself is modest. "It was nothing," he says. "She had an inner compulsion to go places. Now, I'm keeping her at home — I mean, she is satisfied without travel. And after all, isn't that enough?"

CANDY BARR

BETTY BROSMER

WHAT HAVE THEY GOT ? ? ? ? ? ?

Since the inception of Monsieur Magazine we have graced our pages with a dirth of delectable dolls. And though all have been the loveliest imaginable, the two who have stood out like Jayne Mansfield's frontal works have been the charmers pictured on these two pages.

Betty Brosmer and Candy Barr.

For some reason every time we feature one, or both, of these out-of-the-world-wenches we are deluged with requests for more . . . more . . . more!

So, as we are always willing to go out of our way to please our ever-increasing number of readers, we herewith present, side by side, this torrid twosome.

Looking at them, in all their loveliness, together, it's easy to see just what it is that they have in common. First, they are both blondes; second, they are innocently wide-eyed; third, they have expressive hands; fourth, lovely arms; fifth, shapely shoulders. Sixth, seventh, eighth, ninth and tenth we leave for the reader to determine for himself, (and considering what they have to determine from, it shouldn't be too hard.) We just thought we'd mention the charms least to be noticed among so very, very many.

What the French think of Bardot:

THEY'VE BURNED THEIR BRIGITTE'S BEHIND...

By ALAIN CAMIER

WHERE Brigitte Bardot is concerned the French have had it!

They're fed up!

To them this free wheeling filly is like the last three French cabinets – just a passing fancy. Something they have to put up with until the rest of the world gets wise to the situation.

To put it mildly, this 23 year old gamin, who has become the Sweetheart of the rest of the world, is a complete dud in her native France.

She's done anything and everything to get publicity and things have finally come to the stage where she just doesn't seem to care what is said about her – no matter how bad – as long as something is said.

She'll drop her dress at the drop of a contract and, according to her press agents she's a "person without excuses and entirely free in her sexual behaviour."

Before Bardot there were many French actresses who played wicked wenches on the screen, Dannielle Darrieux, Vivian Romance, Cecile Aubrey, to mention but a few. But these gals left their screen personalities on the screen. If they were morally lacking in their private life no one knew about it. It wasn't publicized in every language from Urdu to English. Certainly no bad girl on screen likes to be known as a bad girl off screen.

So what's with Bardot?

Could it be that this doll, beneath that excellent front, is not sexy at all? Could it be that she is unpopular in her native France and must be sold – by hook or by crook – to the foreign market? Could it be that she is just a trifle stupid?

To get a better insight into just what it is that makes Bardot bounce – and to find out what the French think of their most lucrative export since the discovery of champagne – this reporter journeyed to France and there found out that although this chick is as popular as ham and eggs in this country, she enjoys no such reputation in her own backyard.

"Strictly for ze export trade," said one mustachioed Frenchman who, by his own admission, was a veteran of three marriages, four divorce *(Continued on page 52)*

BRIGITTE'S BEHIND . . .

court appearances as correspondent and love affairs much to numerous — and he far too discreet — to mention, when asked just what the French thought of Brigitte. "She is a teaser," he went on, "the kind of mademoiselle that likes to have men look at her — not touch. Looking is for children and voyeurs — not for Frenchmen."

"Study for a moment her background. She is probably the most publicized woman in all of France yet in all of her twenty three years we find that she has had only two serious romances. One man she married. The other she just lived with. Neither was of the lasting variety. Her husband used her to further his own ambitions and her lover treated her more like a daughter than a mistress. Does this sound like a . . . how you call . . . sex pot?"

Of course I realize that one swallow doesn't make a fifth nor does one Frenchmen speak for all of France but what the man said interested me and I delved further into the love affairs of the World's Most Beautiful Animal.

Brigitte was married to Roger Vadim Plemiannikov in December of 1952 and, corny as it may sound, this was strictly a Pygmaleon and Galatea relationship. Vadim as he prefers to be known wanted fame and fortune. He wanted to be a big man in the French film industry and he used Brigitte to further these aims. They met in 1950 when Marc Allegret saw Brigitte's picture on the cover of *Elle,* one of the leading French women's magazines and sent Vadim to interview her. Vadim got the interview but Marc Allegret never saw the results because in Brigitte the young director recognized an animal magnetism that he knew, if exploited correctly, would make her — and him — the toast of the French movie industry.

In the short space of two weeks after their meeting Vadim became her fiance, her manager and her advisor. For Vadim, Brigitte gave up her schooling and her modeling jobs and took bit parts in two inferior pictures. As an actress she left much to be desired.

But Vadim had only begun to fight. He may not have been the greatest director in France but there is no question that he was one of the better publicity men. Shortly after their marriage, a three ring circus directed by Vadim and covered by every newspaperman he could hoodwink into coming, the Brigitte Bardot campaign started.

Rumors ran rife about nude swimming, sun baths *au natural,* wild parties on deserted beaches, games with towels on dimly lighted terraces, nude photographs and impromptu stripteases. Anything and everything bad that could be said about this beautiful young animal was not only said but printed.

Vadim didn't care what the world thought about his wife as long as they thought about her.

And overnight this doll, who wanted no more out of life than a little learning, a little money and a little happiness became a fallen woman . . . "troubled, earthy and carnal" . . . "as amoral off stage as on" . . . "a wild animal who knows nothing but sex."

In the next three years Brigitte appeared in 10 pictures and though she'd been naked more times than she'd been clothed she was still little more than a starlet.

She was disgusted and ready to quit, but Vadim wouldn't hear of it. Brigitte was his only chance of hitting the big-time and if he had to parade her naked before 50 million Frenchmen, he would do it. She *had* to succeed. She *had* to play Galatea to Vadim's Pygmaleon. He *had* to prove he could make a personality out of a gal who knew no more about acting than Madam Curie knew about strip-teasing.

(Continued on page 70)

LATE VISITOR

(*Continued from page* 31)

sound of laughter. If only the phone would ring.

No one's going to call me. It's always that way when you want company very badly. I might as well go to bed. Sleep means forgetfulness. For a few hours I won't think of Ricky.

I take off my clothes. There's a black nightgown hanging in the closet. Very sheer . . . a Christmas present from Ricky. The first time I wore it he said: "If you weren't already mine, darling, I'd rape you this minute."

I put it on and feel like a woman again. But there's no man close by. As I put on my robe I see my face in the mirror. My hair still has that sheen Ricky liked so much. He also liked my eyes and used to say he'd never seen such white even teeth. My breasts always excited him. They've lost none of their firmness. Slowly I move my hand over them. They're sensitive tonight. I want them to be caressed but not by me. I want them pressed against a man's body.

Oh, Ricky . . .

I pull out the convertible bed. There's a sound in the apartment above me. I like that. It's comforting. So they're sleeping up there tonight. I've never seen them but I've enjoyed their affair vicariously. He comes to the apartment in the early evening and leaves the following morning. He's very handsome, with strong, broad shoulders.

The woman laughs often. It's a pretty sound, almost musical. The man's voice is a deep, low murmur. Although I'd like to, I can never hear what they're saying. Only the sound of voices and laughter.

Willie Lou, my cleaning woman, saw them once. "The man's real nice. Real nice. Ma'am. And that woman! My, but she's elegant. I bet them clothes cost him plenty."

I hear footsteps above my head. There they go again. Back and forth, back and forth. *His* footsteps.

I try to sleep but I can't. Tonight the presence of the man up there disturbs me. Those strong arms made for holding a woman. I turn on the light and pick up a book, but the words don't make sense and I put it down again.

Is he married? He must be. Does his wife know about this affair? And the woman, with her musical laughter? Does she have a husband away on business?

The pacing has stopped. And now I hear the sound of his voice, deep and exciting. He seems to be angry but I can't make out the words. I hear her voice too . . . a confused murmur. The volume rises. They're having a lover's spat. Honey, if you know what's good for you don't provoke him. There are lots of women ready to take him away from you.

The volume of sound rises but I still can't make out the words. I sit up and try to listen. They're going at it hammer and tongs. He must have quite a temper. And she too. Once I had a fight with Ricky. It was over something silly. A new hat he didn't like. But it was worth it when we made up. I envy her. Soon they'll make up too. And then he'll take her in his arms and kiss her . . .

Right now I wish I had no feeling in my breasts. I'll never get to sleep tonight. I forgot to call Doctor Martin about the renewal of my prescription for sleeping pills.

The sound of voices has stopped. It's all over. Maybe she's crying softly and he's comforting her. I'd give anything to be in her place.

Ricky! . . . You do understand, don't you? I'm a woman and I'm still very much alive.

What are they doing now? It's so quiet. Why fool myself? Of course I know what they're doing.

Oh, God! . . . God . . . I wish I had no feelings at all. I wish I were a block of ice. Instead I'm all on fire.

I pick up that book again. If I concentrate hard, maybe it'll make sense. Books can take you into another world.

I've read three pages and I put the book down again. I hear those footsteps again. He's gone into the bathroom. I can hear the water running into the washbasin. The plumbing's old in this house and the pipes make a funny noise. He's washing. I like men who are neat and clean and have that just-washed smell.

I smoke too much.

Those footsteps again and then a long silence. The steps are going towards the entrance door. So he's not staying overnight this time. I wonder why?

She must be drowsy, ready to fall asleep. Drowsy and contented. For a moment I hate her and then I tell myself I'm being childish. What right have I to be jealous? I've never even spoken to him, merely smiled. I wonder if he thinks I'm pretty?

Will I never fall asleep? If only I had those pills . . .

Footsteps once more. This time he's walking down the stairs. He pauses. Then I hear him walk right past my door on his way to the lobby. I hear voices and laughter. That's the couple from the third floor. They're going up the stairs and their footsteps die away. The front door opens again and now I hear *his* footsteps again. He's come back. I wonder why? In a moment I'll hear him go up those stairs. Silence. He must be outside my door. But what is he doing?

I tell myself that it's none of my business. What is he to me? I get out of bed, put on my robe, and open my door just a little. He's standing there in the recess back of the staircase. He's really very handsome. The brooding type with dark, burning eyes. I'm about to close the door softly when he sees me. I feel terribly foolish.

"Hello!" he says.

"Hello!" I answer, weakly.

He comes close. I want to sink through the floor. He *knows* I was peeking at him.

Now he's standing in the shadow and he seems to be smiling in the semi-darkness. "I wonder if I could have a word with you?" he says.

For a moment I don't know how to react. Then I pull myself together.

"Won't you come in?"

He enters the apartment and I close the door. My heart is pounding like a schoolgirl's. He's even more handsome than I'd realized but now he isn't smiling. He's quite tall and since I'm wearing slippers I have to look up at him.

"You must have wondered what I was doing out there?"

"I heard something, so I opened the door."

He looks at me with those dark eyes. "We've met before, haven't we?"

"I've seen you come and go."

He steps to the center of the room. I'm about to switch on another light when he stops me. "Please don't! I like it this way."

We're both standing there, ill at ease. I've never felt so foolish before.

"May I sit down?"

What can I say? I don't say anything. I motion to a chair.

"I owe you an explanation, don't I?" he says.

"You don't owe me anything."

He's still looking at me with those burning eyes and I feel all funny inside. I haven't been so close to a man in a long time.

"You may have guessed that I'm not married to the lady upstairs . . ." He pauses.

"Yes?"

"I was leaving the house when I saw a cab across the street. I'm not sure but I think her husband was in it."

"I see."

"We thought he was still in Chicago, but he must have come back tonight. You see, she doesn't live here."

"I know."

"I wonder if I could have a drink?"

"Certainly." I walk over to the cabinet and open it.

"Scotch? Rye?"

"Rye, please. Straight. Don't bother with the ice."

He gulps it down, then turns to me again.

"They're separated but not divorced. That's because of the children. Unfortunately he's found out about me. If he saw me now I'm afraid he'd make it hard for her. That's why I came back. I don't want him to see me. After a while he may go away."

"You're welcome to stay until he does."

"That's very kind of you." Another pause. "So you've noticed me?"

"Yes." Now it's my turn to pause. Then I say something and immediately regret it. "One can't help noticing you."

He pours himself another drink. "I've noticed you too."

"Thank you."

"You're extremely attractive."

A regular ladies' man. I can't blame the woman upstairs. I only wish he weren't mixed up with her

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He looks around the room. "This is a nice apartment. Somehow I didn't think it would be quite like this."

"What did you think it would be like?"

"Like the one upstairs. You remind me of her."

"Do I?"

I don't know whether I should feel flattered or not. I'm standing there, like an embarrassed teenager. Somehow I manage to pull myself together. "I rather like the way she laughs."

"So you've heard her laugh? I suppose you can hear lots of things down here?"

That was a foolish thing for me to say. Now I've embarrassed him.

"No. Not really. Just laughter. And the murmur of voices."

"She didn't laugh much today because we had important matters to discuss. We had a serious decision to make. If you only knew how much I loved her."

"Loved?"

"Did I say loved? I meant to say love."

"Does she love you too?"

"She's incapable of loving anyone for long. She needs a great many people in her life, whether it be for a few days or only a few minutes. She attaches no more imporance to them than a woman does to a new hat or a pair of shoes. Sometimes she gets me so mad —"

"I know," I say. "I heard the quarrel."

He looks up sharply. "You did?"

"I couldn't help it. I was trying not to."

"All lovers quarrel once in a while."

"Of course they do. It'll be all right tomorrow."

"No. It won't be all right."

What does he mean? Are they through? If so . . . then . . . Those broad shoulders make me feel weak inside. I've never been so conscious of my breasts.

I wish he wouldn't stare at me like that . . . and at the same time I want him to.

"I suppose she's asleep?" I say.

"Yes. Nothing will disturb her now."

I *must* find out if he's definitely left her.

"Tomorrow you'll both have forgotten about it. You'll see."

"No."

"I've had quarrels like that too. But we always made up afterwards."

He sighs. "Sometimes you say things . . . you do things you don't really want to."

Again he's looking at me with that strange expression. I notice that my robe has started to open and he's looking unashamed. I don't understand myself. How did my robe get open? Did I open it subconsciously, without meaning to?

I hurt all over. I want him to take me. Right now. I want him more than anything in the world. I want to feel his body against mine. . . .

Slowly he rises from the chair. His hands are stretched out. He's going to touch me. . . .

His voice is very deep and husky, then it breaks.

"You must try and understand — "

His hands are on my body. They move up gently to my neck. What powerful hands . . .

There's nothing to understand, I want to say. But I remain silent and look at him instead. Looks can say more than mere words. My eyes say: "I want you as much as you want me."

He pushes me on the bed.

"Oh, Ricky, you must understand . . . please! . . . "

The buttons fall from my nightgown and his chest crushes me. All these months I've wanted a man so badly . . . so badly . . .

But I wish he were just a little more gentle. He doesn't realize how much he's hurting me. Why is he squeezing my throat so hard? I want to cry out but I can't.

Oh, my God!

There's a large red stain on the ceiling and it's spreading. . . . —m

SUBSTITUTE VIRGIN

(Continued from page 15)

since she spoke French fluently while Betsy knew only a few words in that langauge.

Betsy was the one to whom I had first spoken, but it was Roberta who answered me with a smile, while her friend merely blushed.

I shall not go into the events that took place during the first days of our acquaintanceship. They are pretty much the same for all those who meet at a beach: bathing, meals and drinks taken at the same table, and so on. By the fifth day I had fallen in love with Betsy, which amused Roberta very much.

Betsy was sentimental. I recited Byron's poems which I had learned in school and still remembered, but I was not too familiar with spoken, colloquial English. The words I used were too literary, and this often sent Roberta into gales of laughter.

But Betsy didn't make fun of me. Instead she took my hand and squeezed it tenderly. No doubt she wanted to apologize for her friend's rudeness.

I took advantage of her tender mood whenever the opportunity arose. As we walked together I'd hold the hand she gave me so willingly, only releasing it to caress her naked arm, or its crook, and sometimes my hand would wander all the way up to her underarm.

One moonlit evening (and everything was just right: the well-being that comes after a good meal, the balmy night air, the silvery reflection on the calm sea) I kissed her on the mouth.

She withdrew, but this had obviously made a greater impression on her than my recital of Byron's poems. As we said goodnight before going to our respective rooms, I tried again, and this time her lips lingered on mine.

The following morning I persuaded the two girls to come with me to a distant cove. There I suggested we sun bathe and I urged them to expose their skin to the warm rays.

Roberta acquiesced readily. She peeled her one piece bathing suit down to the waist and calmly stretched out on her back. Betsy was less willing. But Roberta's sarcastic reference to her foolish modesty finally persuaded her to expose herself. I was treated to the sight of two white bosoms.

Every day we returned to that deserted cove and I enjoyed the same spectacle. The three of us would stretch out on the beach with Betsy in the middle, and from time to time she would let me steal a kiss.

One evening I was luckier. I had taken the girls to Saint-Tropez where we had a few drinks followed by an excellent dinner. Because of their limited budget, the two secretaries were not used to such luxury.

As we were driving back to our hotel — a distance of about eight miles — Betsy, who was a little drunk, allowed my hand to glide inside the opening of her dress and I was finally able to appreciate her fullest charms.

The two girls came up to my room with me and I offered them champagne. We were flirting on the sofa when Roberta suddenly got up and deliberately took off her dress.

"I'm too warm," she said, tugging at her slip which clung to her perspiration soaked skin.

"And how about you?" I asked Betsy. "Aren't you warm?"

It took me almost a half hour to persuade her to imitate her friend. And even so I wouldn't have succeeded if the brunette hadn't intervened, almost brutally tearing off her dress.

Beside me were the two bodies, barely covered with thin lingerie. I didn't have to touch them to distinguish one from the other: that of the brunette had a musk-like odor, while the girl with the auburn hair smelled of lavender.

The time had come for action, all the more so since Roberta had switched off the light, saying that it hurt her eyes.

Now all is in darkness. I can hear my heart pounding in anticipation. I have waited long for this moment.

Betsy is in my arms. I kiss her hard on the mouth. Her breathing is deep and irregular. I am about to reach my goal . . .

No. She jumps out of bed and switches on the light. I must look like a fool. The two girls are making fun of me. What are they plotting over there, by the window? Why is Roberta laughing? Now she's switching off the light again. My hopes rise. A girl doesn't strip down to her underthings without planning to go farther! Betsy no doubt doesn't want to make it too easy for me. Well, we shall soon find out . . .

I can't see a thing — it's so dark in the room — but I feel a body stretching out alongside of mine. I'm not dreaming. I can feel the flimsy slip. My hand moves slowly, appreciatively over the motionless body. But — it's Roberta! What does this mean?

The explanation is quite simple when Roberta whispers it in my ear. Betsy likes me very much. She's very susceptible to the interest I've shown in her.

"But I've told her I love her, and she said

she loves me too."

Roberta shakes her head and I feel her curls against my cheek. I'm also aware of her delightful odor.

"Yes, she does love you and that's why she sent me over. She realizes you must be angry. She doesn't want you to have an unpleasant memory of this lovely day. She thinks you're very unhappy right now because of her. But she's a virgin and she doesn't want to ruin her life for a moment of pleasure. Do you understand? Do you believe me?"

"Yes I believe you, Roberta. Tell her that I'm distressed, heartbroken, despondent, but not angry with her. Let her come to me. I swear to you that tomorrow morning she'll leave in exactly the same condition.

Again Roberta laughs, a deep throaty laugh, soft, voluptuous, like the cooing of a turtle-dove.

"No, that isn't so. You won't be able to restrain yourself."

"Yes I will!"

"No. And neither will she. She's already very much aroused, you know."

"Then let her come to me."

"Don't you want me?"

How nicely she's said that! She's offering me her young body the way a flower girl hands you a bunch of violets.

I must confess that I'm deeply moved. Desire has given way to a deeper feeling in which gratitude, pity and tenderness are intermingled.

"Roberta," I say to her as I move my arm under her head, "I don't want to take advantage of you. I'm not a heel, my dear child. Let Betsy be reassured, and you too. We'll still be friends, very good friends, isn't that so, Roberta?

"I'll tell her."

A conference. A rather long one. Then Betsy leaves the room. Roberta comes back to me.

"Betsy thanks you and loves you all the more for this. She's going to sleep in her own room."

"Then good-night, Roberta."

What now? Another catastrophe? She's crying. Sobs are shaking her full breasts.

"Roberta, dearest . . ."

I console her as I would a child. I stroke her hair, kiss her forehead, her cheeks . . . Roberta withdraws, sighs:

"Do you really dislike me as much as all that?"

Of course not! Of course I don't dislike her, this young victim who is willing to sacrifice herself in order to safeguard the virtue of her friends!

Everything considered, in spite of her harum-scarum airs, she has more heart than the little goose who ran away. More heart and more bosom.

"There's one thing I don't understand, Roberta. What's to be gained by all this? If Betsy doesn't want to sin, why should you?"

"I've already been engaged," she murmurs.

"And you don't love him any more?"

"No." And she gives me her mouth. "But I'm in love with love."

The same little scene took place every night until the two secretaries left. In the daytime Betsy and I indulged in the delightful pastimes which are allowed to couples waiting for the matrimonial knot to be tied. And in the evening Roberta took the place of the fiancee in order to calm the impatient future husband.

One night – the last one I was to spend at the hotel – Betsy came to my room. Roberta had just left and her place in the bed was still warm. Betsy slid beneath the covers. This time I was certain the time had come. But no.

"I wanted to be with you for the last time. I'm truly sorry, for Roberta has told me all about you. You won't forget me, will you?"

No, I haven't forgotten her. Not to this day. —m—

MONSIEUR IN PARIS

(Continued from page 7)

with water. The attendant invariably protests, saying it will cause serious damage to the car, but the owner insists he comply. Finally the poor fellow does as he is told. The playwright thanks him and then pulls away triumphantly. He figures that both the attendant and his new friend must spend a sleepless night trying to figure out whether some startling new development in the automobile industry may not be in the works.

Josephine Baker has reconciled with her spouse, Jo Bouillon, and they have moved into a 14th Century castle in Les Milandes, with nine adopted sons. Each of the children is of a different race or nationality and the neighbors call the place "Les Nations Unies."

The coming fad in men's fashions is a throwback to the good old days of *grandpapa.* Nightshirts will be sported instead of pajamas. There are two camps, those for and those against. Asked whether he's in favor, a distinguished but quite elderly member of the Academie Francaise said it all depends. "Depends on what?" he was asked. "With whom I'll be spending the night."

Sir Thomas Beecham, the famous British conductor, has told a reporter why he never uses women in his orchestra. "If they're pretty they disturb the other members of the orchestra," he says. "And if they're not they disturb me."

Paris hardly needs to sell herself to tourists but they do things in style here. The "Syndicat d'Initiative" (an organization like the Convention and Visitors Bureau in New York City) has decided to give strangers a better welcome than ever. They now have pretty girls clad in attractive blue uniforms (you'd think they were airline hostesses) attached to the various railroad stations.

LOVE AFFAIR

By PETRONIUS II

Her shoulder strap
He snapped in two
Each blushing mound
Exposed to view

She stood unmoved
Without protest.
He, unreproved,
Assailed the rest:

The wispy sheath
Of nylon hose
That drooped beneath
He did dispose.

His hand caressed
Her lovely thighs
And then undressed
The sculptured prize.

At last — all nude —
Exposed to gaze
He slowly viewed
The final phase.

Prepared he was now to begin
To clean the window mannequin.

They speak several languages and have become the guardian angels of befuddled tourists. They give advice on hotels, restaurants, entertainment, transportation – in fact on any of the problems that may crop up for the traveler abroad.

I interviewed one of these girls, a lovely blonde, at the Gare de l'Est and asked if any unusual questions were thrown at her? She laughed and told me about a harassed American who asked her if he would be allowed to travel through France with his wife? She was very much puzzled, of course, until he explained that he carried his late wife in his suitcase. (She'd been cremated and the ashes were contained in a small urn). After the blonde recovered from the shock, she said that there was no law against it.

Another U.S. citizen from Nebraska wanted to know how he could locate a girl he'd met during the war. She was a pretty brunette, about 5.3, with a terrific figure. He name was Ginette and she had a job as manicurist in some small town whose name he had forgotten. Our girl Friday was sorry not to be able to help him out. France, she told him, can boast of many pretty brunettes with excellent figures. And there are also lots of manicurists. Furthermore Ginette is a pretty common name. Undeterred, the Nebraskan vowed he'd find his girl.

I thought I'd ask the hostess a question too. "What are you doing tonight, Mademoiselle?"

She smiled. "Answering that is not in my line of duty, Monsieur."

"All right," I said. "I'll ask you again when you're off duty. When will that be?"

Again she flashed her lovely smile at me.

"Seven o'clock," she said. —m—

GORGEOUS BLONDE — WANTS YOU!

(*Continued from page* 17)

I answered one. This one:

PARIS. Really charming young woman, high class, excellent social background, cultured, wealthy, would like to wed gentleman same background and financial situation. Non-conformists please abstain.

The only thing I found interesting about this was that last cryptic sentence. It was enough to cause me to include this ad in the dozen or so that I answered in preparing this article. Actually it meant nothing more nor less than that the lady in question wanted no part of anyone remotely associated with the Left Bank – artist types, writers, musicians, degenerates, and deviates. The cynic might ask, "What is there left?"

Except for an antipathy toward non-conformists, I found the placer of the ad to be pretty much as she stipulated: She was certainly charming, fairly high class (whatever *that* means) – and she was loaded. She showed me her bank book.

Since I was looking for a story and not a wife, I told her, at our second meeting, that I'd been called to Devil's Island on business and wished her luck. And that was that, as they say in France, *ça.*

I answered about a dozen ads I found in a week's sampling of these papers. Half of them were worth inquiring further into. All made interesting reading. In one column I was offered a twenty-two year old model, an airline hostess, and a beautiful young blonde with a million to her name. There was also a more mature ex-model, thirty-six years old. According to the ad she was pretty, elegant, tender, sentimental, charming, and gay.

The majority of such advertisements are placed in weeklies, reliable publications with a large circulation that go into middle-class homes and offer their readers not only light fare such as cartoons and humorous stories but also serious articles. For instance, in the issue I have before me there's full coverage of a medical congress in which the latest methods of combating heart disease are discussed.

The French are a very practical people. Contrary to the general belief that it is only we, in the United States, who know anything about advertising, they can teach us a thing or two.

What is more important than meeting the right person when you plan to get married? And yet how many acceptable candidates of the opposite sex are there available in your immediate circle? Five? Ten? Perhaps twenty at the most.

But what if you had fifty, or even a hundred, to choose from?

And so year in and year out (and this has been going on ever since they first began publishing papers in France) hundreds of thousands of happy couples have become acquainted through an ad under the heading *Marriages.*

In the paper before me are four main classifications:

1) *Parents.* 2) *Dames.* 3) *Messieurs,* and 4) *Marraines et Filleuls.*

Parents are parents the world over and *dames* are dames. Only the correct translation of *dame* is lady. As for *Messieurs,* it's the plural of *Monsieur,* familiar to all the readers of this magazine (God bless 'em)!

But how about that *Marraines et Filleuls?* Let me assure you that it has nothing at all to do with the United States Marines. It's not leathernecks who do their advertising in these columns (although we have come across an RAF pilot about whom more later).

Marraine means Godmother and *Filleul* means Godson. I agree that it seems a wacky heading for a column of ads, but wait – you'll get the facts!

Let me take that first heading: *Parents.*

In these columns it is *Papa* and *Maman* who are doing the advertising. Let us assume that they've had this virgin hanging around the house for the past twenty years, eating up their food, sleeping in the spare room and generally making like a millstone around Papa's neck. Papa would like to have some other man do the supporting from now on but there's been no stampede of suitors to ask for the hand of little Virginie. Or perhaps the suitors have not been acceptable to Papa. They've been the French equivalent of zoot suitors or rock 'n rollers and the old man wants somebody more reliable. So he pays for an ad which goes like this:

Ind. large. bus. wld. lke. mrry. off yg. dtr. 31. pret. own mny. ftre. expec. Box number 83679.

This isn't couched in Bantu or Hindustani! In order to get as many words as possible into each line (after all, even if Papa is wealthy, he can still be thrifty) the words are abbreviated. However, after innumerable hours of diligent research, seven cups of coffee and four aspirins, I was able to break the Code.

In the clear, the above ad reads as follows:

Industrialist, large business, would like to marry off young daughter. 31 years old. Pretty. Has money of her own and future expectations.

The only thing that still puzzles me about this ad is Papa's conception of age. If a 31-year-old female is still a young girl in his book, then what does he call an eighteen-year-old?

As to that cryptic statement about "future expectations", it means that when *Oncle* Henri, or *Tante* Adelaide, or *Cousin* Benoit shuffle off this mortal coil, the young (?) girl (?) in question (?) will eventually be able to make another healthy deposit for credit to her bank account. It's the frosting on the cake, the gilding of the lily, the extra gimmick that cinches the deal.

Now I move on to classification number two. Here the lady herself does the advertising. Presumably she's no longer a virgin but has other interesting qualities. That one I first mentioned – the "really charming young woman, high class," fits this category. So does this:

Schoolteacher, 27 years old. One baby. Would like to marry cultured gentleman.

I can't explain that baby. All I can say is that back in the old days in P.S. 56, Miss Hoskins was never like that.

Men can of course be lonely too, and plenty avail themselves of Cupid with printer's ink on his grubby little fingers.

This one caught my eye:

Gendarme, 47 years old, bachelor, owns car and 4 room apartment. Would like to marry very pretty young girl with job. Preferably blonde or light brown hair. Please send photo which will return.

Then, at the top of column three, this ad was prominently boxed:

Paris. Bachelor — 40 years old. Very young physically and mentally. Distinguished. Fond of traveling. High standard of living. Wealthy. Has returned home after many years of living abroad and would like to meet for purpose marriage young girl 21 to 25, pretty, gay, pleasant disposition and preferring older men. Am indifferent to her fortune and social rank. Must send photograph.

I imagine that this middle-aged *roué* must have been deluged with mail and he's still wading through those photographs scattered over the living room carpet.

It has been definitely proven that these ads have considerable drawing power because one fortunate advertiser was forced to pay for a second ad stating that he could not possibly reply to all the mail he'd received and begging the ladies to please stop writing to him. I haven't been able to locate the issue in which his first ad appeared, but he must have been pretty hot stuff.

Now it's time I turned to those *Marraines et Filleuls*, the Godmothers and Godsons. The words Godmother and Godson are merely euphemisms. Those Godmothers never held Junior in their arms at the christening. And the Godson is not the sort to whom you ladies would present a tricycle for Christmas, or have over to the house for ice cream cake and pink lemonade when he gets straight A's in school. He definitely does not belong in the junior, junior set.

These are lonely people who want companionship but not necessarily marriage. They start out by being pen pals, and then, eventually the written word may kindle sparks.

Here's a sample:

Legionnaire in South Algeria would like to hear from attractive Godmother willing to comfort him.

I like the use of the word "comfort" and hereby make a motion to have it adopted right here and now in its new connotation. For instance: "Say, honey, I'm feeling blue tonight. How about comforting me?"

Then there's this ad:

Young officer stationed in North Africa but presently on leave in Paris would like to correspond with pretty girl.

Or this one — I told you we'd get around to an RAF pilot:

Christmas Island. Young Englishman, 20, serving RAF wants to correspond in English with young French girl as pen friend.

All these advertisements are absolutely authentic: the girl with a million (they're francs, of course, not dollars), the 22-year-old model, the 36-year-old ex-model, the airline hostess, and the others.

Next week there'll be a new crop of *Dames, Messieurs, Marraines et Filleuls*. And the week after that; for as long, in fact, as newspapers and magazines are published in France and boy yearns to meet girl.

I think it's a hell of a good idea and I've been toying with the notion of placing my own ad prior to my next trip:

Yng. amer. wrtr. cmng. Prs. sn. Wld. like meet bl. br. or rdhd., or all 3. Mst. hve. prty. face, exc. fig. own car and apt. Objct: cnvstion.

Decoded it says:

Young American writer coming to Paris soon would like to meet blonde, brunnette or redhead, or all three. Must have pretty face and excellent figure, own car and apartment. Object: conversation.

Conversation? That's also a euphemism. ■

INFIDELITY ANYONE?

(Continued from page 39)

them first sit down; on his desk he keeps handy a supply of water, aspirin and smelling salts for emergencies.

Some people — especially women — are said to take the news that their mate is cheating rather hard; they may faint, have hysterics or start to hiccup violently from emotional shock. But others are relieved to learn that they didn't waste their money when they hired an investigator.

Private eyes say the first thing wives want to know about their husband's girl friend is what she looks like and how old she is. "They hope she's older than they are and not as pretty," said Robert LaBorde, another New York investigator. "But generally they're disappointed on both counts."

Men are said to be more interested in how much money their competitor has and what kind of job he holds. The husband wants to know if the interloper is a substantial citizen, possibly with honorable intentions of marrying his wife, or just a cad out for a free ride.

Investigators say it's easy to spot cheating couples; they invariably greet one another with a kiss or an embrace — something wives and husbands never do. Then they probably have a few drinks or go to a nightclub to drink and dance before going to a hotel or their hideaway.

A wife is sometimes less outraged because her spouse cheated than because he took some floozie to a nightclub. A typical wifely remark is, "And he about broke my arm when I asked for $5 to buy the kids some clothes."

Married couples have various reasons for hiring private eyes to tail their spouses. Some want peace of mind; others are after evidence so they can get a divorce or perhaps force an out-of-court settlement.

Some men, however, get the goods on their wives and then fail to use it. They consider it a blow to their pride or a blot on their manly escutcheon because the little woman kicked up her high heels with another male. Others withhold evidence, fearing their kids will hate them later for blackening mama's reputation.

"It's the double standard," said a lawyer. "When the kids grow up they'll be proud of their old man's affairs, saying, 'Dad was quite a guy with the ladies.' But you never hear anybody bragging, 'Mother was quite a rounder'."

To get the goods on an errant spouse can be expensive at today's prices. New York investigative agencies charge about $30 per man per day, plus expenses. For the carriage trade this can run up to $500 a day. "Suspicion is a luxury item these days," remarked a lawyer.

At the same time, suspicion is said to be on the rise in all walks of life, especially among younger people. Experts say the explanation for this upsurge is simple: there's more cheating going on now than in the past.

"Middle class people are carrying on something terrible today," according to Irving Karmitz, a New York investigator. "Especially in the suburbs." — a situation that generally is blamed on cars, the greater independence and freedom women have today, the intimacy of couples in housing developments, and prosperity.

"There's always more infidelity in good times than in bad," observed a lawyer. "People can't afford to run around when things are tough," which proves that fidelity is more a matter of economics than morality — something psychiatrists have known for a long time.

Dr. Maurice Friend, New York psychoanalyst, recently was quoted in a New York newspaper as having said that "marriage doesn't make sense biologically." Dr. Friend explained that Freudians feel that man isn't biologically geared to be tied down to just one mate and monogamous marriages . . . violate man's true free-wheeling nature."— something husbands have suspected since before psychiatry was invented.

Wives, however, often fail to appreciate this biological fact and the husband is forced to use his wits to realize his true biological nature. Some husbands get away with it; the majority don't.

Wives often shatter their peace of mind about their husband's fidelity by accidentally running across scraps of circumstantial evidence when they riffle their husband's pockets, read his mail or eavesdrop on his phone conversations. Men tend to be suspicious if their wives work in offices with other men.

One wife became suspicious just because her husband stayed out late several nights every week — "bowling with the boys," he claimed. The little woman took her suspicions to Mr. Cohen, who had her scrub the soles of her mate's bowling shoes and check them when he came home. The shoes hadn't been used. As usual, there was a girl friend.

Sometimes it turns out that suspicions of infidelity are founded on nothing but imagination. One wife was sure her mate was cheating because he arrived home from work a half-hour late one night; it turned out that he had been wrestling with a stuck awning in front of his store. A man was

frantic, thinking his wife had a lover because she made several surreptitious phone calls from her bedroom; she was trying to buy him a special fishing rod for a birthday surprise.

If the private eye doesn't come up with evidence of infidelity, however, the average client is less likely to think his or her spouse is innocent than to accuse the investigator of flubbing the job. Or the suspicious husband may exclaim: "Ha! Her lover is out of town. Keep following her and you'll find them shacking up together."

People who can't afford private detectives must depend on their own ingenuity to trap their mates in extracurricular marital activity. The wife may phone or drop in on her spouse when he's allegedly working late at the office. The suspicious husband may do the same thing at home. One man popped into his home unexpectedly to find his wife taking a bath with a soldier; she claimed it was for the sake of water conservation.

Private eyes say it's harder to fool a woman than a man, and usually the husband is the last to know if his mate is stepping out. Many husbands never would learn they were cuckolds unless their friends or neighbors told them. A marriage counselor said these self-appointed private eyes seldom pass up an opportunity to start trouble between husbands and wives.

Some wives and husbands disdain outside help and conduct their own loyalty test by extensive cross-examination of their mate. They insist upon knowing about all past affairs, even before marriage, down to the last detail. Then, with this testimony before them, they severely say to the confessed spouse: "How can I trust you after knowing this?"

A marriage counselor said that some wives insist upon knowing not only every move their husbands make, but also their every thought. Along with depriving the husband of opportunity for infidelity, they would even prevent him from having unfaithful thoughts.

Some spouses are so suspicious that they hire private eyes to conduct routine "peace of mind" checkups on their partners, even when there's no evidence of infidelity. Usually these are ordered by wives.

In almost all marriages of socialites a pre-marital checkup is considered a must. The bride's parents want to be sure the groom-to-be doesn't have another wife tucked away, and his parents want assurance that the girl doesn't have a lurid past, perhaps including a few children born out of wedlock.

If the man is marrying for money, he almost always orders an investigation of his betrothed to make sure she actually has the old long green she's supposed to have.

For couples who are in love, however, lawyers say the pre-marital checkup usually is a waste of time and money. "The guy may turn out to have a record a mile long," said a lawyer, "but the girl will stoutly cry, 'But, Daddy, I love him!' "

In one case a man's parents had his fiancee investigated and she turned out to be a former prostitute. Was her betrothed dismayed? No indeed. "I don't care," he said. "She's a darned cute girl and has lots of personality."

People often don't mind the shortcomings of their prospective mate as long as they know about them and they're not being made a fool of, investigators say.

The reasons for infidelity are as varied as they are complex, according to psychiatrists and social workers. Motive is said to range from doing what comes naturally to psychological disturbances. Women, generally, are supposed to be in love when they run around, but men are likely to have an affair just for the hell of it, or if they are going over the hill sexually they might want to prove to themselves that they are still Don Juan.

Wives reportedly are more forgiving of infidelity than husbands, but the latter will forgive other indiscretions more quickly; adultery is the one offense most men won't forgive.

Some wives even refuse to believe the evidence when it's laid in front of them. Consider the case of the wife who saw her husband out with a blond. When she accused him of cheating, he denied it.

"But I saw you," she cried.

"Who you going to believe?" he demanded. "Me or your eyes?"

She decided to believe him.

Despite this wifely generosity, women generally are the ones who initiate divorce proceedings. Men are inclined to let matters slide. About the only time a man will head for a lawyer is if there's another woman he wants to marry.

But sometimes a man sheds his wife only to discover that the woman he couldn't live without was a better mistress than wife. An outstanding example was the guy who divorced his wife to marry his secretary. But a short time later he became disenchanted and longed for his old wife.

There was only one thing to do and he did it – set up his former wife in a cosy little love nest as his mistress. — m —

INTERNATIONAL LOW DOWN

(*Continued from page* 73)

nightclub the other eve, where was Mrs. Cooper? We're only asking . . . Ava Gardner, that luscious tomato who's never had any trouble getting herself a man, recently got Anna Magnani's, and we can tell you that the Italian fireball is as hot as a red pepper over the whole affair. . . . Jimmy Hoffa is in for another batch of headlines. Seems the Union's board of directors wants him to fire all hoodlums holding office. So, who'll be left to run the union?. . . . A noted eastern business man, who's noted for putting across big deals, recently completed negotiations for a lollopolluza of a motel enroute to Florida. This high toned hostelry which will have everything from swimming pools to air conditioned units will also be equipped with some of the loveliest overnight dolls in the east. The babes will cost anywhere from $25.00 to $200.00 per night (depending on what your little heart desires). But the *piece de resistance* in this palace of pleasure will be the peepholes between the rooms where guys who can't afford the lovelies can get their kicks (via the vôyeur route) watching the guys who could. . . . Liz Taylor, Lana Turner and Judy Garland three of the unluckiest gals of the year, all attended the MGM studio school together. . . . The Donald O'Connors are planning a second honeymoon. . . . New York label manufacturers always on the alert for a fast buck are now selling sports car stickers that read, "This was a gift from Rafael Trujillo, Jr. . . . Lars Schmidt, Ingrid Bergman's latest beau, got into quite a donnybrook at the Drap d'Or nightclub when a diner there approached Ingrid for her autograph. Lars didn't think that she should be bothered during her dinner. The autograph seeker thought otherwise and told Lars to mind his own business. The waiters broke it up before anyone was seriously hurt. . . . Hedy Lamarr is looking all over hellandgone for her ex-hubby John Loder — All she wants from him is support for her two kids. . . . The Los Angeles vice squad is keeping a close watch on a noted Hollywood director's home in Beverly Hills. Seems that the only overnight guests there are young boys — some of them not even old enough to vote. If he doesn't watch his step he's going to be pinched and charged with contributing to the delin"queer"cy of minors. . . . Diana Dors christened her new swimming pool by throwing a pool party. The guests, including Diana, wore nothing but water. And we'd like to go on record as saying that Diana looked delicious in the drink. . . . Jack Palance has decided to spend another year in Europe. He just loves the tax situation over there. . . . During the filming of her latest epic, Brigitte Bardot's leading man was supposed to slap her on the cheek, but the boy couldn't bring himself to wallop the sultry sex pot. After many retakes, and a threat from the director, the leading man closed his eyes and really belted Bardot. It was quite a clout. Result: Brigitte wound up with a dislocated chin and the boy snapped one of his vertebrae. And where did all this take place — on the Rue Silly, of course. . . . This is supposed to be a well guarded secret but we have it on good authority that General Motors has already drawn up plans for an American Car to compete in the small car field with the likes of the German Volkswagen, the French Renault and the Italian Fiat. All they need now, to go into production, is the okay by the board of directors. They may be in the showrooms as you read this. . . . When Rafael Trujillo, Jr. left these shores to return home he took with him four very cute and curvy models. Two for him and two for daddy. Now wasn't that thoughtful. . . . Roberto Rosselini's latest heart throb, Maria Cinnellia, threatened to throw herself in the Mediterranean if he didn't star her in his latest movie. He didn't. She did. But the police fished her out in time for she and Roberto to kiss and make up. She'll star in his next. . . . One of New York's top editors is about to be hit with a paternity suit if he doesn't do right by a gal he done wrong. (his initials are H.H.). . . . The latest thing on the Left Bank of Paris is male brothels. And the dolls are standing in line. . . . Joe E. Lewis was thinking of going to a psychiatrist because of his urge to bet on horses, "But I changed my mind," he explained, "I'm going to send the jockeys instead;" . . . Dr. Pierre Lavoussier, noted French psychologist, has just completed a book dealing with the sex habits of the American Female. But it's so hot there isnt' a publisher who'll touch it. . . . Department of ironic information: A young Broadway actor spoke before his high school class on the evils of juvenile delinquency. The very next day he was picked up by the police for purchasing heroin from the neighborhood dream merchant. . . . Jadin Wong, an Oriental exotic dancer, bills her act as "Entertainment with a different slant!" Oh, come now, Jadin, everyone is wise to that old thing. . . . According to intimates the Desi Arnaz, Lucille Ball idyll has come to an end. They'll keep their business holdings but dissolve their marriage. . . . If you're thinking of going to Hollywood to crash the movies — don't. A recent poll showed that there are some 250,000 would-be stars out there already. . . . If there ever was a reason for a guy to study sculpturing, this is it. Dubronyi — a sculptor — has already immortalized the busts of Eckberg, Monroe and Mansfield and is currently working on the breast works of Brigitte Bardot. This, buddy, you must admit ain't clay (ouch). . . . And speaking of Bardot, Mansfield, Monroe and Eckberg, didja know that these dolls don't have stand-ins — they have stand-outs. . . . Montgomery Clift is really having his troubles. Even his psychiatrist told him to take his business elsewhere. . . . The large house on the outskirts of Paris, in which Pablo Picasso trains his art students, is fast becoming one of the "must see" attractions of the French Capital. Seems that naked models — both male and female — cavort all around the place all day long and they're not a bit bashful about visitors. . . . A well known starlet who gets her jollies by having boyfriends spank her bare buttocks lost out on her big chance the other day when she was fired from the picture on which she was working. Seems the doll showed up so black and blue she literally couldn't sit down. When she tearfully explained why, the producer fired her on the spot. She shouldda been spanked. . . . Burlesque may be a dead art but Rose La Rose doesn't think so she's already bought three burlesque houses in Ohio and has plans for taking over another half dozen. . . . The Pat Boone book, *Pat Boone Talks To Teenagers* was ghost written by Elaine S. John. . . . A young starlet walked out in a huff when a photographer asked her to pose with a sarong. When asked why she answered, "He didn't want me to wear the damned thing, he wanted me to hold it!".

—m—

WOMEN AROUND THE WORLD

(*Continued from page* 29)

languorous grace and exotic charm of far races in her provocative movements. She has jungle fire in her temperament, desert heat in her hates and loves.

This is quite a wild creature. She matures early. When you come upon her in Naples or Florence or Sicily, at the age of fourteen, you see a female as mature biologically as an English or Norwegian girl of quite a few years older. The breasts of the Italian girl are world famous, and she is not one to deny it, at least to the extent of wearing a brassiere. These natural beauties, she has decided with the complete acquiescence of the Italian males, are something to be proud of and not smothered in outline under folds or stays of confining material.

She is just as uncooperative with the girdle manufacturers. Hips, thinks the Italian girl, were made to waggle, and she does so with a disarming abandon whenever the mood seizes her — which is frequently.

If this invitation is flourished in your lucky direction and you decide that you are man enough to settle down to an affair with an Italian girl, this is where you've got to call on all your masculine talents.

To begin with, an Italian likes a man to act like a man. She wants love and plenty of it. And when you've just about decided that it's all been wonderful and maybe you'll go away somewhere for a nice little rest, she's back knocking on the door with a lift

of those marvelously black eyebrows and a crook of that enticingly becoming finger.

There are certain other ground rules that are well worth knowing about these daughters of Italy. They consider it their right to flirt with every man who comes their way – this is a means of exciting your additional interest. You don't have to do much about this. When an Italian girl loves you, you're loved, buster, and there isn't much more room in her heart for anything else. She's just showing off a little with the other boys.

But don't get the idea this is a two-way street. *You* can't fool around with the other girls, no matter how innocently. Your little Italian tigress will scratch their eyes out first and then start in on you.

And never get the idea that a love affair with an Italian girl is going to be just a little pleasant episode. Before you're through you will run the gamut of all the emotions – love, hate, frustration, fear, rage, denunciation, despair, elation, and utter happiness.

Because she's got them to give you. And she'll play on all of them. The Italian girl is just as expert at developing major crises in your life as she is in bed. You'll be fighting duels with surprised men who suddenly learn they've insulted your girl. You'll be rushing out madly into the night to dive into the canal and save her from drowning herself. You'll be wrestling a knife away from her – hardly sure if she meant to use it on herself or you. You'll make love at the oddest times – in the daylight hours when you have other important things to do, and when you think you hate her greatly, you'll find yourself caressing her. And when you want her most, you'll be stopped by a little tigress who'll have nothing to do with you.

In bed she'll torture you like a ghost from the Inquisition, and make you feel like more of a *man* than you ever did in your life! And her own enjoyment of sex is something positively frightening. You'll wonder what you have to do with it at all, sometimes. She's off in a world of her own – of sighs and screams and the kind of conversation you thought you might never hear from a woman. There's nothing wrong with it, of course, but it serves to excite her rather than you. Yet these are some of her idiosyncrasies that you've got to know in advance – that and the fact that you'd better have a fairly thick hide. One that heals quickly after scratching and biting.

Ah, well. Who's to complain? What the Italian girl *does* have seems to be mostly what the rest of them *don't*.

As we said, you'll crawl away in due time, a whipped boy. And maybe you'll never go back to her. Or maybe you'll go back, only to run away again.

But one thing's sure. If you've ever loved an Italian girl and been loved by her, you'll never get her out of your mind until the day you die. —m—

Four shipwrecked sailors were stretched out on a raft. This was the tenth day they'd been without food and their tongues were hanging out from hunger. A hot sun beat down relentlessly upon them and they knew the end was near. Suddenly one of the sailors struggled to his feet. "I know what's going to happen," he croaked. "When shipwreck victims reach this stage they always kill one among them and eat him up. It always turns out to be the youngest and since that's me I might as well make it easier for all of us. Whereupon he pulled a gun and put it to his head.

At this juncture a second sailor struggled to his feet and tugged at the other's arm. "No! No! Not there!" he croaked. "The brains are the part I like best!"

* * *

The optometrist's five-year-old son was playing in the back of the store. Opening a drawer he saw what appeared to be dozens of marbles. He was too young, of course, to know they were artificial eyes.

He popped one into his mouth and the inevitable happened. He swallowed it.

A few minutes later he was rushed to the hospital and a doctor was looking down his throat with a powerful light.

All of a sudden the doctor turned pale and began trembling.

"What's the matter?" asked his nurse.

"I've looked at a lot of stomachs in my time," said the doctor, "but this is the first one that's looked right back at me."

* * *

A wealthy manufacturer was on his way from Los Angeles to New York to attend a business convention. When he stepped into his roomette on the train he discovered that it was occupied by two beautiful girls. They looked at their tickets and realized they were on the wrong train. Since it was very late and the train was filled to capacity, they asked if they could stay in the roomette overnight. The businessman explained that he was married and very important in his community. Not a breath of scandal could be allowed to touch him.

"I'm extremely sorry, young ladies," he said, "but one of you will have to leave." *(Continued on page 66)*

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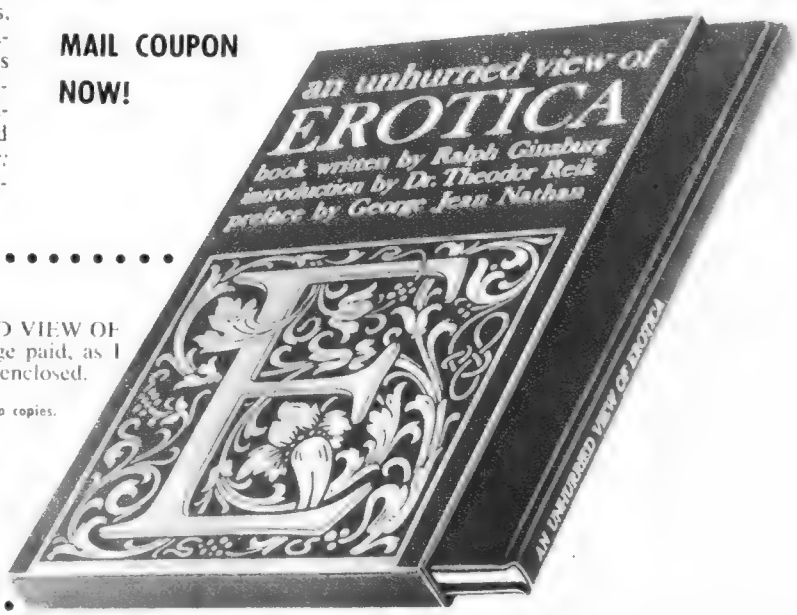
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YE PRETTIE WIFE — YE JEALOUS HUSBAND

(Continued from page 43)

charts and graphs — a most learned work for one who would keep his wife to himself. With it, he believed he could be forewarned and on his guard should his wife perchance use any of the plans and subterfuges mentioned therein. For he watched his wife as carefully as the most jealous Italian would, and still was not content, so ruled was he by this cursed passion of jealousy.

In this unhappy state did this foolish man live several years with his lovely wife. The only amusement she had in that time was to escape his hateful presence by going to Mass. Then she was always accompanied by Marguerite, an elderly servant who was charged to watch over her.

A gentle Knight, who had heard how the fair Aimée was watched, one day met her and forthwith was smitten with her charms. He told her how willing he was to do her a service, and condoled her with her evil fortune in being married to the most jealous wretch on the face of the earth.

"Since I cannot tell you of my thoughts," he added, "I will put it all in writing and give it to you tomorrow. I also beg that any small service that I may offer you be not refused."

The lady gladly listened, but owing to the presence of the ever watchful servant who was near, hardly was able to reply. She nevertheless murmured that she would be glad to have the letter when it came.

The young Knight was most joyful when he took leave of lovely Aimée, and with good cause, for the damsel said farewell in a kind and gracious manner. But the old woman who watched over her did not fail to ask her what conversation had taken place between her and the man who had just left.

"He brought me news of my mother," replied the young wife, "at which I am very joyful, for she is in good health."

The following day the Knight came with a letter couched in terms so ardent that they fair burned the paper on which they were written. He handed over this note quickly and cunningly, so that the old servant, who was watching, saw nothing.

The letter was opened most happily by Aimée when she was alone. The gist of its contents was that the young man had fallen in love with her and was consumed with the fires of passion. Not a day's happiness would he know when he was absent from her. He finally expressed the hope that she would be kind enough to appoint a suitable place where she could give him an answer to this letter.

In exquisite penmanship, the fair lady wrote a reply in which she said that duty compelled her to love no one but her husband to whom she owed all faith and loyalty. Nevertheless she was pleased to know the writer was so much in love with her. But though she could promise him no reward, she would be glad to hear what he had to say in person. Unfortunately, that could not be, because her husband never left her except when she went to church. And then she was guarded, and more than guarded by the most unpleasant old servant that ever interfered with anybody.

The following day the lover dressed himself in different clothes so that the old servant would not recognize him. Then he went to meet the fair lady, who knew him at once. As he passed close, he received from her hand the letter she had written.

That he was anxious to know its contents need hardly be said. He went round a corner and there, at his leisure, learned the condition of the affairs which seemed to be progressing so favorably. But its consummation still seemed as far distant as ever, and he thought night and day of how this was to be accomplished.

At last he remembered that his elderly aunt lived between the church where his beloved one went to Mass, and her house. He told this elderly aunt of his love concealing nothing from her, and begging her to help him.

"Whatever I can do for you I will do with all my heart," she said.

"I thank you," said he. "Would you mind if I met her here?"

"Faith," she said, "to please you I would not mind!"

"Well," he replied, "If ever it be in my power to show my gratitude you may be sure, dear aunt, that I will do so."

He was not satisfied until he had written again to his lady-love and given her the letter in which he said that the primary obstacle to their meeting had been overcome. "We can meet at the house of my aunt who is a kind and understanding lady. She can also loyally keep a secret and will not betray you. However, I am still racking my brains trying to devise a method by which we can overcome your servant's watchfulness."

When she received this letter the fair Aimée was greatly pleased. Now even though her husband, Sieur Bastide, had made such a study of women's cunning, he had underestimated that of his own wife. Not only was she fair of face and figure, but the Good Lord had also endowed her with a sharp wit and the brains to enable her to reach any goal to which she aspired.

So she sat down and penned another letter to the young Knight.

"Rack your brains no more," she wrote. "I have devised a plan and it is this: Go tomorrow to the house you have mentioned. Be in an upper chamber which looks on the street, and have by you a pitcher of water mingled with ashes which you will upset on me suddenly as you pass. You shall also be so disguised that neither my old servant nor anyone else in the world will recognize you. When I have been drenched with this water, I will pretend to be very surprised and angry, and will take refuge in the house. Then I will send my servant to fetch another gown. While she is on the road we will talk together."

Upon receiving this letter the young man's heart leaped with joy and he forthwith made preparations for the morrow.

The next day came and the fair lady Aimée was drenched by her lover with a pitcher of water and cinders according to the plan which she had devised. So thorough was the drenching that her kerchief, gown and other clothes — which we cannot mention here — were all spoiled and ruined. The lovely creature feigned great astonishment and anger, and rushed into the house as though she were beside herself and ignorant of where she was.

When she saw the lady of the house, she complained bitterly of the mischief which had been done. Now she grieved for her kerchief, now for her gown, and another time for her other frilly clothes. In short, if anyone had heard her, they would have thought the world was coming to an end.

The servant, who was also in a great rage, took a knife and scraped the gown as well as she could.

"No, no, Marguerite," said the lady, "you will only waste your time. It cannot be cleaned as easily as that. You cannot do any good. I must have another gown and another kerchief — there is nothing else to be done. Go home and fetch them, and make haste or we shall lose the Mass in addition to our other troubles."

The old servant, seeing that there was urgent need of the clothes, did not dare to refuse her mistress, took the gown and bonnet under her mantle, and went home.

She had scarcely turned on her heels before her mistress broke into a smile and was conducted to the chamber where her lover waited. He was of course delighted to see her in a ravishing petticoat and with her flaxen hair down. In her disarray, one exquisitely formed apple from her bosom seemed to peek at him saucily.

Overcome with tumultuous emotions he murmured sweet caressing words in her pink ear, and in no time the petticoat was lying on a chair.

Meanwhile the old servant arrived at the house where she found her master, Sieur Bastide. He did not wait for her to speak but asked at once:

"What have you done with my wife? Where is she?"

"I left her in a house near the church," said the servant.

"And for what purpose?" said he.

Then she showed him the gown and the kerchief, told him about the pitcher of water, and said that she had been sent to seek other clothes, for her mistress could not leave the place where she was in such a state.

Sieur Bastide blanched. His hands trembled, his knees turned to water. "Is that so?" said he at last. Then he managed to pull himself together. "Go, go, Marguerite! And make great haste! Do not keep your mistress waiting one instant!"

When the servant had left, he dropped weakly into a chair.

"By Our Lady!" he exclaimed. "I fear I know only too well what has happened. But how can it be that this trick was not mentioned among all those in my book?"

He now understood that it is impossible for a simple mortal to keep up with the wiles of a woman, and that the best guardian of a wife's chastity is her desire to be faithful.

Therefore he tore up his book, for which he had no further use, and consigned it to the flames. And from that day on he allowed

ANTI-SOCIAL *Notes*

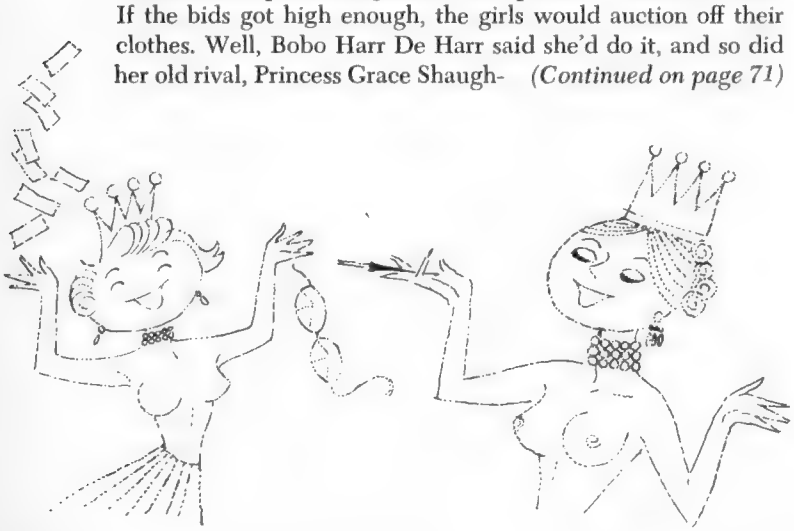
(EDITOR'S NOTE: This department is conducted by Sir Luigi Pierre Schultz-Flanagan, who has his hands on most of the doings involving the cream of international society. Sir Luigi Perre Schultz-Flanagan is actually a nom de plume—his real name is Count Reginald Heinrich Chiang-Ungawa — which he adopted to keep in the clear.)

* * *

Hi, there, all you envious boors! While you are grinding away at your dull little lives, us high society types are having a high old time cavorting.

I must start off by telling you that I've been spending most of my time, lately, in gay Hawaii. Although I adore Hawaii, I have to admit that the reason I went there was because I was shanghaied. It's a long story. Have you got time? Well, *take* time, friend.

We were all down in Rio, for the season. There was Bobo Harr De Harr, the queen of Cannes, and all her cronies. Suddenly, she got very angry and said she was leaving. What upset her was that charity ball affair. There was this ball for the benefit of penniless gauchos, and part of it was an auction. If the bids got high enough, the girls would auction off their clothes. Well, Bobo Harr De Harr said she'd do it, and so did her old rival, Princess Grace Shaugh- *(Continued on page 71)*



his pretty wife to come and go as she pleased, with no prying servant to watch over her.

He was indeed well inspired. Touched by the change that came over her husband, Aimée vowed that never again would she deceive him.

And so Sieur Bastide and his comely wife lived in perfect harmony from that day onward.

MORAL — As Ninon De Lenclos said: *Men lose more conquests by their own awkwardness than by any virtue in women.* **—m—**

BLAGUES

(Continued from page 63)

* * *

The doctor told the father of the seventeen-year-old boy that his son had developed scarlet fever. Furthermore the boy admitted having kissed the pretty new maid.

"What are you going to do?" asked the father.

"I'll have to keep the maid under observation."

The embarrassed father hemmed and hawed, then finally said that he too had kissed the maid.

"That complicates matters somewhat," said the doctor.

"Even more than you think," said the father. "This morning I also kissed my wife."

"Dammit!" said the doctor. "That means I'll be getting scarlet fever too."

* * *

The American in Paris couldn't speak a work of French and none of the help in the small Left Bank hotel could speak English. The American was trying to make the bellboy understand that he had broken his eyeglasses. As he talked, he gestured with his hands, outlining the shape of a pair of glasses, then in pantomime indicated that without these he couldn't see properly. Could the bellboy recommend an optometrist nearby?

As the tourist kept on talking the bellboy scratched his head in bewilderment. But finally he seemed to understand what this was all about. His face lit up and he indicated that he would be back shortly.

Ten minutes later he returned and triumphantly led in a prostitute who squinted.

—m—

THE BETTER HALF OF VALERIE JANE

(*Continued from page* 19)

In their dressing room, Dmitri and Valerie talked over this frightening development. For over an hour he tried his best to get his beauteous assistant together again, at the end of which, the truth was all too evident. "I have," Dmitri admitted, "lost my magic powers. Oh, well, it was a good – and profitable – life while it lasted. I suggest we turn our hands to other, and less inventive, pursuits."

Valerie was rather sarcastic. "It's fine for you to make plans, but I'm the one with the split personality!"

And indeed she was – in more ways than one. Although neither Valerie nor Dmitri was sufficiently well versed in psychology or physiology to understand fully what had happened, they soon discovered that her schism was no mere division of the torso, but much more so. The great plexus at the base of the spine – a collection of nerve sinapses that controls the feeling in the lower body, had, due to its independent quality in the course of being separated from its parent trunk so often, developed a pseudo mind of its own! It could feel, it could, after a fashion, think – and even communicate. It did this latter telepathically, with Valerie's upper body and brain.

In effect, then, Valerie Jane had become two persons.

It was, Dmitri saw from the beginning, going to prove awkward. In the first place, Valerie 2, as he called her – it – was even more sexually inclined than she had been before the great cataclysm. Since she was so close to the seat of her own sensuality, she could hardly be occupied with any but sensual thoughts. Any higher thinking could be taken care of by the Upper Valerie. And, unless she wished, Valerie 2 could retain *all* sexual stimuli to herself – transmitting to Valerie herself only driblets, as it were, of enjoyment. They found this out quickly.

Another thing they found out was that Dmitri also could communicate with Valerie 2 by placing his hand firmly upon her derriere – that is to say, upon the base of her spine. This was fine in private, but it was somewhat embarrassing in public, Still, it had to be done since Valerie 2 soon became an individual in her own right – and they found it best to conform to her demands. For example, Valerie and Dmitri would be walking along the street – she wore a wide, heavy leather belt around her middle to avoid accidents – and Valerie would suddenly say, "*She* wants to say something to you."

Dmitri would be obliged to place his hand on his companion's fanny, and thus would receive the telepathic message that emanated therefrom. Several times, in elevators and hotel lobbies, elderly ladies were scandalized at the sight, while non-elderly men envied Dmitri his boldness.

The two girls – if we can call them that – did not get along well at all. Valerie was constantly irked by her lower half's predisposition to hog most of the enjoyment of their nocturnal hours, while Valerie 2 resented her lack of the five faculties enjoyed by Valerie.

Finally, Dmitri agreed to take them on a world tour, during which they would stop at the fabled lands of the East, where strange things had been achieved in the realm of the supernal. People climbed ropes and disappeared, and the fakirs were not all fakers. Maybe they could help solve the problem of the two Valeries.

The boat trip was, for Dmitri, a thing of horror. They made it up the gangplank, all right. (In such things as walking and the like, Valerie 2 was very cooperative, since she realized that, without an upper body, she would get absolutely nowhere in life. And as for the normal functions of eating, ingesting and digesting, both halves knew that one was essential to the other. This was all accomplished by what Dmitri took to be a kind of capillary action or osmosis. After certain trials and uncomfortable errors, Valerie settled on an all-liquid diet full of proteins that proved quite adequate. In fact she lost a few unnecessary pounds, quite happily, even though they came off of Valerie 2.

Once on the ship, problems arose. As early as the first day afloat, Valerie – in a non-revealing one piece bathing suit, to be sure – and Dmitri lounged beside the pool sopping up the sun and a couple of drinks. Suddenly the effects of the alcohol made themselves known to Valerie 2, an entirely new, and overly pleasant, sensation to her. In a manner of speaking, Valerie became half shot!

"More!" telepathed Valerie 2 in a thunderous silence!

"Will you shut up?" replied Valerie, sipping her drink slowly.

"Don't tell *me* to shut up," you bleached blonde. "Get some more of that delightful fluid down to me in a hurry – or else!"

They bickered back and forth for a while, and to the other passengers, here was a lovely girl apparently talking to herself. Oh, well, liquor affected all of us in different ways.

"I wish you two'd quit arguing," remarked Dmitri, "before you attract too much attention." He absently put his hand on Valerie's posterior to find out what it was all about. Now the other passengers realized that this particular couple might well break the monotony of the voyage.

They did, indeed. Valerie 2, now completely drunk, decided that the confining bathing suit was not to her liking. She did her best to escape. With legs flashing in the air, and contorting like a wounded squid, Valerie began to roll about the deck. Dmitri, sensing disaster, clambered after her. It looked for all the world like a rapist after his fleeing victim.

Then, with a splash, Valerie fell into the pool. Pandemonium raged as the girl fought a frothy battle with herself. Her legs came up and engaged in a breath-taking scissors hold around her own neck. In the course of this, she became slightly unhinged, so that a most pulchritudinous fanny slewed around to occupy the place where usually tummies are found. With obvious hatred in her eyes, Valerie leaned forward and bit said fanny on its bulging cheek. And a wail of pain came from her own lips.

Dmitri leaped into the water. With a maximum effort he managed to get the two demi-gals together in body and spirit, convincing them that only catastrophe could result from such shenanigans. Valerie 2, sobered by the cold water, became docile. The incident ended with the passengers applauding their performance.

For the remainder of the voyage, Valerie proved intolerable. She had been more than a little shrewish before; now she became a veritable termagant. Dmitri realized that a showdown was near. It was on the landfall at their first stop, Port Said, that the Great Idea came to him. Trying to drown the complaints of Valerie in endless cups of Turkish coffee, he thought it out carefully. And as soon as they established themselves in a hotel, he went off to the native quarter of town.

In the market place he found what he wanted. The representatives of two wealthy sheiks were bargaining for the merchandise that was nearest and dearest to their hearts. For a long time Dmitri remained closeted with them, – and you may be sure he drove a hard bargain. He knew what they wanted – and he knew what he had. On this basis, a man can eventually own the world.

And so it came to pass that, next day, on the pretext of showing them the country, Dmitri escorted the two Valeries to a remote camp in the desert. There, in an atmosphere of ornate and rococo luxury beyond her wildest dreams, Valerie was introduced to the two sheiks – brothers, as it happened, who shared the same palace. Both – one young and handsome, the other middle-aged and handsome – were smitten at first sight with the lovely apparition that, dressed in the filmy costume of a native dancing girl, put all of the local talent to shame.

Then, of course, came the supreme test. And when the brothers saw for themselves the truth about Valerie, even as Dmitri had explained to their agents, their joy knew no bounds. They looked at the erstwhile magician and nodded vigorously.

And that is how it came about that, shortly afterward, Dmitri Peska departed the Land of the Sheiks, his vehicle heavily weighted with a king's ransom in gold, and on his lips a happy song. While back at the palace the equally happy potentates gazed upon their newly acquired merchandise with pride and passion.

"At last," said the older brother, "I have purchased a *young* woman, of sorts, with whom I may pursue the fine old art of conversation without the hindrance of sexual complications."

And the younger brother said, "At last providence has given me a woman with whom I may indulge my lust without the hindrance of asinine feminine illogic. Indeed, she may be only a piece of a woman – but what a piece! Allah be praised!"

—m—

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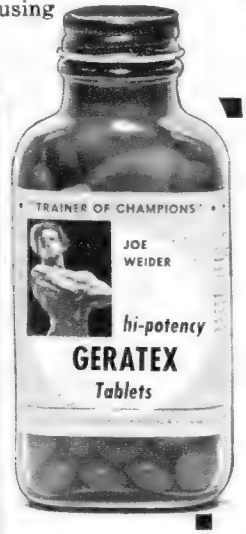

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RUSH THIS COUPON

A BOATFUL OF PASSION

(Continued from page 41)

Linda was leaning on the oar which served as a mast, and which the two men had clumsily fastened to one of the seats. Atop of it fluttered a tattered pennant, the signal of the shipwrecked. They had been unable to take their bearings; all they could be certain of was that they were far from the regular sea-lanes and their chances of being rescued very slim. Only once had they seen a ship in the distance, but far, much too far away.

"We've had it!" thought Linda. Mark, to whom she was engaged to be married; and Carlos, this dearest of friends, had become human wrecks. They who but a few short days ago had been so strong, so virile. Gaunt, unshaven, almost naked in their now ragged summer clothes, they were both dozing, their salt-swollen lips half opened. Carlos had already threatened to throw himself into the water rather than die of thrist. And Mark, in a brief moment of irritation, which had been quickly repressed, had shouted at him: "That might be best for all of us!"

Carlos sighed and struggled to his feet. But the dull expression in his eyes suddenly changed to surprise, then interest. Never had Linda looked quite the way she did now.

Leaning against the makeshift mast, and clad only in shorts and a halter top, she suddenly seemed to be more lovely than ever. Without makeup, her natural beauty was enhanced by the disorder of the long, black hair that tumbled over her shoulders and seemed to glint in the sunlight. And her eyes, strangely blue in contrast in the darkness of her hair, were gazing at Carlos with an expression he had never noticed before.

It disturbed him. Up to now he had only thought of her as Mark's future wife, had admired her with cool detachment. But now . . .

"Look, Carlos, the pennant's gone!"

She was right. The pennant fluttering up there had suddenly been carried away.

"But there was hardly any wind," he said. He was thinking of something else, trying to control these new, disturbing feelings.

Although seemingly trifling, the loss of the pennant was a new source of worry. He looked around the boat, searching for something from which another pennant might be fashioned. Linda laughed briefly.

"There's nothing left, Carlos. Nothing but your old slacks."

"They'll have to do."

He was about to take them off, but there was something in her look, something provocative and mocking at the same time. He blushed, and changed his mind. Half dead with fatigue, Mark was clad only in shorts.

Linda said: "It's got to be something that can be seen from far away. Something bright against the blue of the sea. My halter, for instance."

The halter was red with yellow polka dots. As she removed it, Carlos felt a shiver run down his spine. Now, clad only in shorts, she revealed her firm, young breasts to his gaze. She handed him the halter.

His heart, pounding, he looked at her, then stretched out his hand to take the halter. Just then Mark opened his eyes. He saw the others, Carlos, his face livid, staring at the bare bosomed girl.

Rage sounded in Mark's throat. Whipped into action, he threw himself upon his friend.

Carlos seemed to come out of a trance. He was not quick enough to duck the clenched fist that struck him on the chin. He staggered, stumbled against the seat and fell.

His anger rising, he got up again. And as Mark advanced toward Linda, his hand raised to strike her, Carlos thrust himself between them. "Don't touch her!"

"Who gave you the right—!" shouted Mark. "Orders? You're giving me orders? First you try to take her from me . . . and now you want me to---"

They glared at each other, and, forgetting their weariness, the horror of the situation, the two friends — almost brothers — began exchanging blows.

Mark's physical condition was not as good as Carlos', and he was the first to weaken. Nevertheless he clung doggedly to his adversary, refusing to admit defeat. Mustering all his strength, Carlos finally broke his grip, tumbled him to the bottom of the boat and shoved his head against the side.

"Carlos! . . . No!" . . . The cry was of pain.

For the first time since she had provoked the struggle, Linda intervened. She leaped forward, clutched at Carlos' shoulders. "Let him alone! Don't do it!"

Carlos suddenly felt ashamed of himself. Was it possible that rage could have made him strangle Mark, or tumble him into the sea? He released his grip, stepped backwards. Mark was gasping, fighting desperately to regain his breath. But as Linda bent over him compassionately, he violently shoved her aside.

Another eighteen hours dragged away. Prostrated, they had silently divided and finished the last of the rations, the final drops of water. Stretched out at the bottom of the boat, they could not sleep. Occasionally one of them would wearily bail out the sea water that slowly but surely filtered in through the damaged side. They knew that unless rescue were soon forthcoming, the sea would claim them.

They were still clinging to life nontheless. And they continued watching one another, each lost in his own thoughts, his own hatred and desire. Both men seemed to burn with a strange fever when they glanced at Linda, who, in her near nudity, still found the strength to smile provocatively at them, fanning their animal-like desire. It was the last human emotion they were still capable of feeling. But in this strange atmosphere neither of them could make the first move to seize the girl and crush her voluptuously in his arms, without causing the other to throw himself at them and resume the tense struggle which this time could end only in death.

Carlos was burning with fever. He was the first to rise, as if hallucinated. Inert, Linda heard him approach. Calling upon her last reserves, she stretched out lasciviously. He lost his head completely, began croaking her name. Mark rose, a knife glinting in his hand . . . This time there would be no doubt about the outcome.

"Ship ahead!" Naked, dishevelled, Linda threw herself between them, pointing out the steamer that was rapidly approaching and which they had not seen in their confusion.

The girl's halter, fluttering in the breeze, a blood red speck against the sky, had attracted the attention of the lookout.

They watched the ship approaching. They were going to be saved; the nightmare was ending. But, reluctant to look at each other, the two men could not yet rejoice. They were terribly ashamed of their behavior, their return to savagery, to the primitive desire that had overwhelmed them . . .

Linda covered her nakedness with the halter. Strangely relaxed now, her voice soft and feminine, she said: "Mark, darling and you too, Carlos, my dear friend — will you forgive me when you understand what I've done, and why?"

In a trance they listened. "We were lost," said Linda, smiling from one to the other, "—and you had both *given up hope*. Oh, this is understandable — often women can take more suffering than men, those little children! It is well known. And I knew it on the tenth day, when it seemed that you were both about to die. I saw what was happening to you — and so I knew that I must bring you back to life.

"Well, there is only one way in which a woman can do that." Here Linda's smile broadened archly. "I played a little game, but a desperate one, with you both. I aroused the animal passions in you, made you want to live again — even if it meant killing one another!"

Resting her head on Mark's shoulder, she gave Carlos her hand. "You see, it worked. Was I wrong?"

As her fiance caressed her cheek with a tenderness he had never before been capable of, Carlos kissed her hand with equal gentleness. And Linda knew that she had not been wrong.

—m—

THEY'VE BURNED THEIR BRIDGETTE'S BEHIND

(*Continued from page* 52)

He wrote, adapted and selected scenes for her. Each requiring no acting and each more daring and more sexy than the one before. From secondary parts in *Future Stars* and *The Grand Maneuver* Brigitte moved up to play the lead in *This Crazy Kid, The Light Across The Street* and *Please! Mr. Balzac* (better known to American audiences as *Mademoiselle Striptease*). In each of these Brigitte was stripped as bare as a censor's eyeball.

Vadim had finally found the formula. It was Brigitte's body, not Brigitte, who got the roles. Consequently Brigitte's body, which should have belonged to Vadim alone, became the property of all France.

She was made – but not in the way a wife longs to be.

Thus the Bardot legend was invented. "Brigitte does not act, she exists," proclaimed one publicity brochure. "What the audience sees is not a talented young actress but the real Bardot. All animality, sensuality and femininity unfolded," said another. Anything and everything was done to convince the public that this doll was not an actress but an animal.

Reams and reams of publicity was sent out and though the French looked upon it as nothing but that, a lot of it seeped across the ocean and, as a result, BB became an international name overnight.

Now the name was to be capitalized upon. Producer Raoul Levy, realizing that the American market is perhaps the most lucrative in the world, called Vadim to his office and offered him the chance to write, cast and direct a film of his own providing it was of the sexiest nature and further providing it starred Brigitte Bardot. Levy didn't care what the picture was about, how badly it was made nor who else was in it. He wanted it strictly for export.

That picture was *And God Created Woman* one of the most blatant pieces of pornography ever to be shown on the screen. Once in the can this hot celluloid was shipped to every foreign market and though it did rather poorly in France it coined (up to the present) over $3,000,000 American dollars. *And God Created Woman* not only established Vadim as a talented young director – which was all he wanted in the first place—it catapulted Brigitte to stardom.

And now that Vadim had achieved his ambitions he no longer seemed to care about the world's most beautiful animal.

During the filming of the picture Brigitte played some pretty torrid love scenes – off stage as well as on – with her handsome leading man, Jean-Louis Trintignant. The pair were not at all discreet about the affair but Vadim didn't seem to care. Instead of grabbing a gun or, at the very least, challenging Jean-Louis to a duel, Vadim played it cozy and milked the extramarital affair for all it was worth. The romance was exploited with all the tenderness of a Hollywood premiere and now that Vadim had what he wanted, he promptly took up with a not-so-popular – but according to him a helluva lot sexier – wench than Brigitte Bardot.

So Vadim wound up with a new wife whom he immediately got pregnant and Jean-Louis wound up with Brigitte and though this seemed the most practical arrangement possible, Jean-Louis didn't quite know what to do with the world's most beautiful animal. Where Vadim had exploited her to gain his own ends, Jean-Louis decided he would give her culture.

"I want only to cultivate her, to teach her, to help her work over her diction, to give her a taste for reading and for listening to the recording of Bach . . ." said young Trintignant when he moved in with Brigitte.

Lots of Frenchmen could have thought of lots better ways to while away their time with "the sexiest piece of femininity since Eve" but then lots of Frenchmen didn't know Brigitte as well as Jean-Louis did.

Just how the young Trintignant made out in this lofty ambition isn't known because it was shortly after he moved in with Brigitte that the army moved him out leaving the Bardot babe to mind the store all by her lonesome.

The world's most beautiful animal had been up to bat twice and she'd struck out twice.

As a celluloid sex-pot she was the most – as a flesh and blood woman she left a lot to be desired.

Meanwhile, however, the film was doing a terrific business all over the world. And though it was branded as pornographic – and was made for no other reason than to show off the Bardot body – Vadim insisted, in an interview, that it bordered on stark realism; that Brigitte was "typical of the French youth of today." What he had tried to do, he said, was to show in the person of Brigitte, "the psychosis of our postwar generation."

Brigitte got her two francs worth in too by saying, "I am the typical young French girl – I am the epitome of the immorality of the youth of France."

And that remark did it!

If anyone wonders just what the French thought about those apples they have only to read the letters-to-the-editors columns in the French newspapers, the articles in the

French magazines and the answers given to public opinion poll takers. The young people of France completely disowned Brigitte, Vadim and the whole cockeyed idea.

"The youth of France are a serious, hard working and deep thinking generation. Any resemblance between us and Brigitte Bardot is strictly a coincidence dreamed up in someone's dirty mind," said one letter.

"If Bardot epitomized the younger generation of France, or, for that matter, any other country then that younger generation is doomed," said another.

"We do not condemn Brigitte's alley-cat antics but we do condemn her right to toss the whole of the younger generation into the gutter with her," said another spokesman for the young people of France.

"To say that Brigitte Bardot, a sexy money making export, is typical of the youth of France is like saying that our cheap export wines are typical of our best champagnes," said still another.

And so it went, Brigitte Bardot's name was making a fortune all over the world but Brigitte herself was about as popular as ants at a picnic in her own country.

And not only did she disillusion the great lovers of France and alienate the whole of the younger generation she completely antagonized the entire French movie industry. During the filming of *The Bride Is Much Too Beautiful*, another epic that she prances thru in various stages of undress, her behaviour on the set became absolutely unbearable. She threw temper fits, quarreled with directors, stage managers and producers alike, refused to work, held up production and, in general, gave everyone concerned a king sized headache. Her walkouts became an every day occurance and it was not until the studio sued her that she settled down and got some work done.

But it was too late. The damage was done. Bardot was rapidly becoming one of the most unpopular pigeons in all of France.

And she didn't do her diminishing reputation any good when, in 1957, she refused the Cannes film festival invitation even though she was only twenty miles away making a picture at the time. People who had helped her begged her to make an appearance but with typical Bardot belligerence she not only told them to take a flying leap into the Mediterranean but on the night of the Festival's biggest reception she threw a rival party and invited the entire press to leave Cannes and come to her.

It was to their credit that very few showed up.

And so, there's the answer. Brigitte Bardot, the darling of the world is a dud in her own country. She can't hold her fans any better than she holds her men. She's a personality that lives only in the minds of publicity men. And the ironic, but truthful answer, to the question what do the French think of Brigitte Bardot is, purely and simply, that lately they don't think about her at all. They have much more important things to do! —m

ANTI SOCIAL NOTES

(Continued from page 75)

nessy. The crowd bid 3,000,000 Brazilian dollars to see Princess Grace in the nude (and who can blame them? — she's built like a brick hacienda) but only 35 cents for Bobo.

So she just walked off, after first saying, in her cattiest tone, "Well, your majesty, it's nice to see you've raised your prices."

And she called to all of her friends, "Come, we're leaving." I had no wish to leave Rio, but I was flat broke so it was go with Bobo or else stay in Rio and become a Brazilian forever. Or is it Argentina? I never can remember. Well, anyhow, I had no choice, so I went.

And I'm deucedly glad I did. Hawaii is a magic island. It rains all the time, and the magic is how the place stays afloat with all that rain.

° ° °

The belle of Hawaiian society is a quaint little girl named Akupua Hornsby. Most Hawaiians are curious mixtures of races, and Akupua Hornsby is part Hawaiian - Portuguese - Lithuanian - Irish - Chinese - French - English - Hun.

When she told me that I said, "Hun? How is that possible? The Huns have been extinct for generations and generations."

She smiled at me with those tantalizing pink eyes and said, "My great-grandfather was a terribly old man."

Akupua was born on a hillside on Oahu, near Helemano. This is hardly the country from which society queens generally emerge — it is strictly poor farm territory — but Akupua had ambition. She also had looks and no morals, two things which are much more important than ambition.

By the time she was 11, she was living with a retired English pineapple juice broker, and it was he who sponsored her into society. The strange thing about Akupua is that she has seven sisters, all of whom are also named Akupua.

"How is that?" I asked her.

"Well," she said, "my mother is absent-minded."

° ° °

Bobo Harr De Harr threw a Hawaiian luau in honor of herself, which is the way she operates. We all sat around eating poi — strictly entre nous, it tastes like leftover library paste — and watching the Hawaiian hula bells — strictly between you and me, most of them look like librarians — and all in all, having a lousy time.

Then out came a Hawaiian sword dancer, jumping and leaping and looking, oh, so virile. Well, I'il Bobo flipped. She said that she simply had to join him, so she jumped up and began dancing around, too. The swords were flashing and the flames were dancing and the poi was sticking in my throat. It was thrilling.

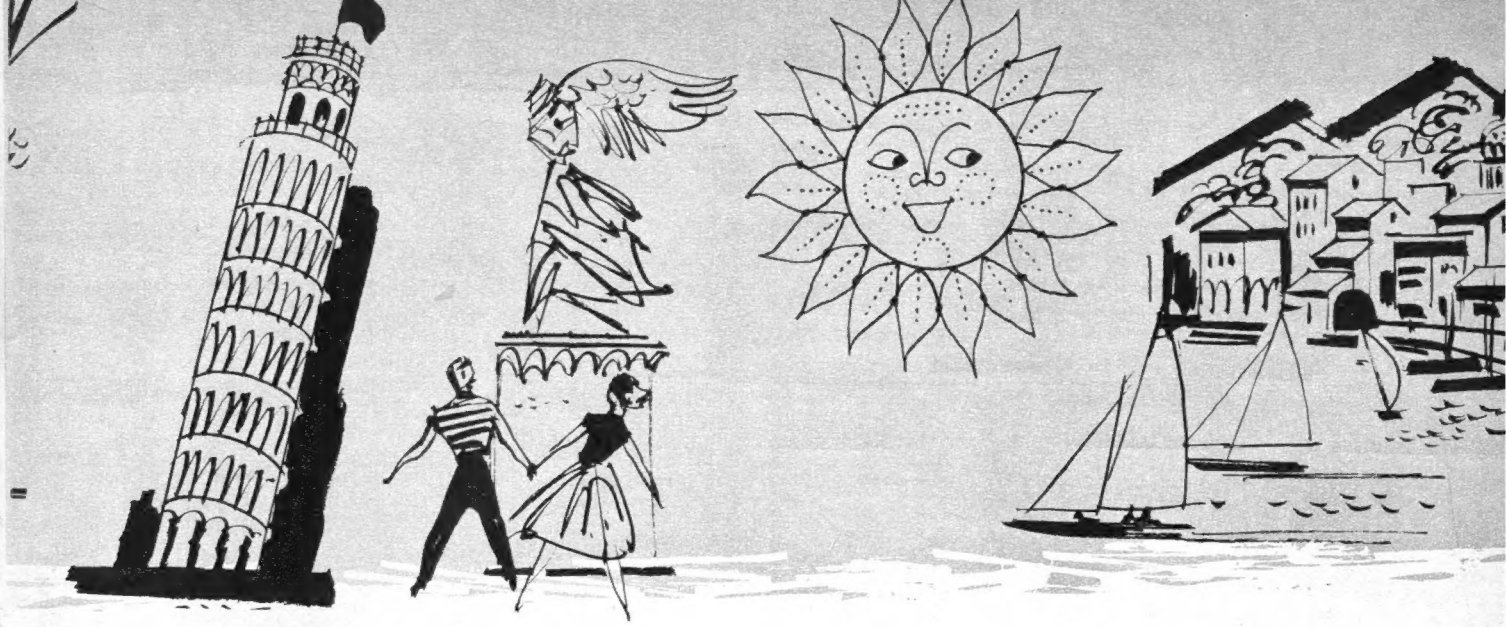
But that sword dancer was either clumsy or else an agent of Princess Grace Shaughnessy. First thing I know, I heard him say, "Ooops," and I looked over and there was Bobo minus one ear.

Laughed, I thought I'd die! She is certainly a wonderful hostess. —m

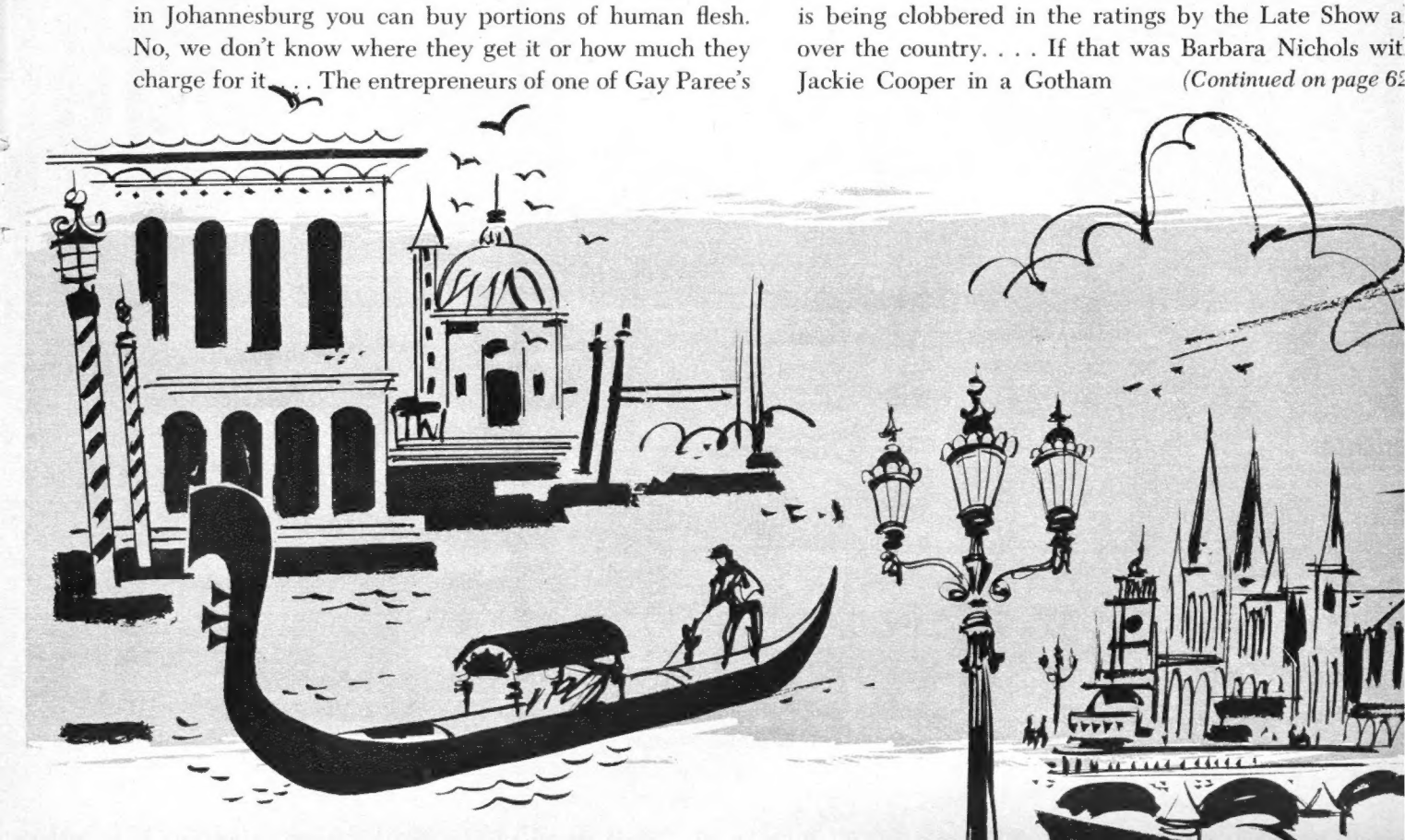
INTERNATIONAL LOWDOWN

By VOYAGEUR

Maurice Chevalier can be seen any evening in the famed Champs Elysee cafe with his latest love a cute little 17 year old French Mademoiselle. When asked about his penchant for young sweet patooties the gay Parisian quipped, "I may be too old for them but they are nevair too young for me!". . . . In case you're interested three of the dolls who made headlines during the Jelke hearings have pooled their (ahem) assets and set up "house" keeping in a brownstone on the East side of New York City. . . . Mario Lanza's boozing is the buzz of show biz folk in Europe. . . . A noted New York writer has gone and got himself a mistress, but since his wife knows to the penny how much money he makes it became almost impossible for him to support his new found filly. Love finally found a way, though, he writes stories, she puts her name on them and they live on the proceeds. We can only hope that his wife



doesn't recognize his style. . . . Charles De Gaulle may be the saviour of France but he's just plain "honey baby" to a sexy French stripper. . . . What's sauce for the goose is sauce for the gander and Dominican dandy Porforio Rubirosa is finding this out. Instead of him stepping out on his wife, Odile, she's stepping out on him. . . . Look for big doings between Lana Turner and Hollywood tabloids. Seems she's thinking of suing them for publishing her letters to Johnny Stompanato without her permission. And if she does chances are she'll win out too. The law states that the writer of anything, including letters, holds all publication rights and therefore permission must be granted before publication. . . . This weirdie comes from a press agent in Africa: If you know the right back alleys in Johannesburg you can buy portions of human flesh. No, we don't know where they get it or how much they charge for it. . . . The entrepreneurs of one of Gay Paree's most famous brothels have added a new twist to th world's oldest profession. Every "client" upon enterin is given a menu on which is printed everything imagin able. However, should they have missed anything th legend on the bottom reads, "If you don't see what yo want, ask for it. If you can name it, we can put a price o it." . . . Wonder who gave Zsa Zsa Gabor's latest boyfrien that beautiful shiner he's sporting about town. . . . Tha producer who promises young starlets big roles and the gets his kicks by using a horse-whip on them is in for big surprise. One of his "whipping girls" is about to blo the whistle on him. If she does look for some of the mos lurid headlines to come out of Hollywood in decades. . . Jack Paar, the guy who gave Dody Goodman the busines is being clobbered in the ratings by the Late Show a over the country. . . . If that was Barbara Nichols wit Jackie Cooper in a Gotham *(Continued on page 62*



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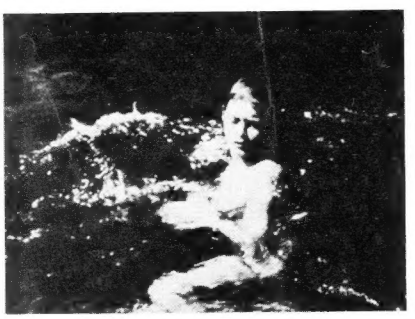

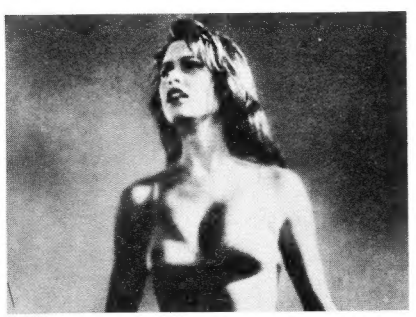

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